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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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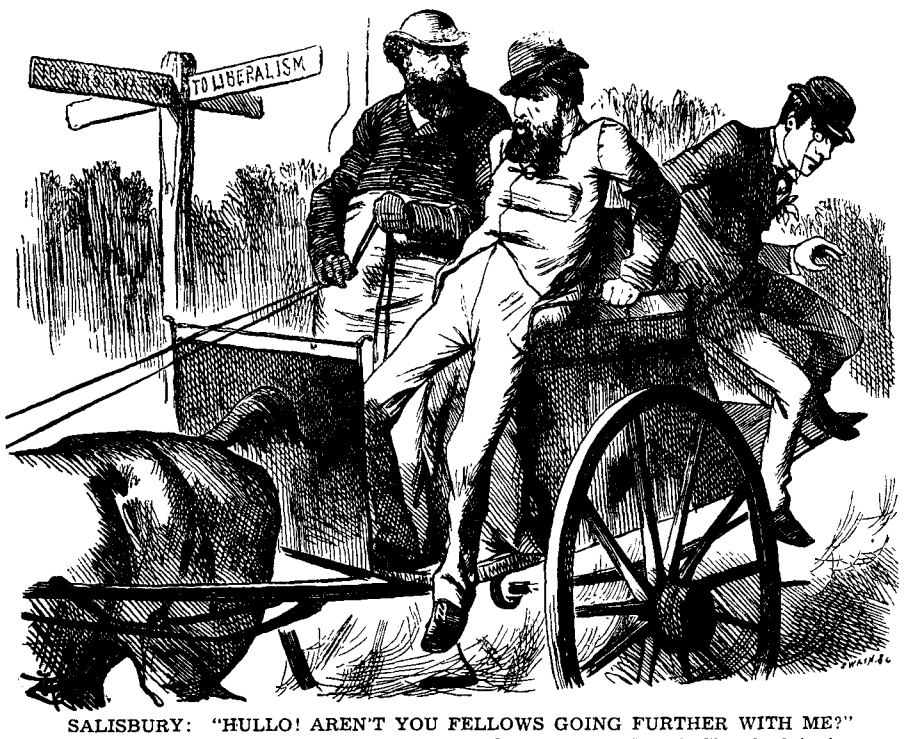

SALISBURY: "HULLO! AREN'T YOU FELLOWS GOING FURTHER WITH ME?"
From a cartoon by Sir John Tenniel in Punch, *July 31, 1886. Joseph Chamberlain is seen at the rear deserting the trap driving towards Conservatism.*

Joe Chamberlain

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN: Vol. II: 1885-1895. *By J. L. Garvin. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1933. $5.

Reviewed by C. H. DRIVER

PERHAPS no biographer could undertake a harder task than the one Mr. Garvin discharges in this second volume of his life of Joseph Chamberlain. Those ten years following the resignation of Gladstone's second ministry constitute one of the most complex phases of English party history in the nineteenth century. They saw the great split in the Liberal party which resulted in the Unionist wing seceding from, and defeating, the main body of the party on Gladstone's proposed Home Rule scheme for Ireland. They saw even the seceding Unionists rifted in their own ranks and maintaining a precarious unanimity between the radical Unionist faction under Chamberlain and the Whig Unionist group under Lord Hartington. They witnessed a growing cleavage among the orthodox Liberals in the contrasting attitudes of "Little Englanders" and Liberal-Imperialists; and an equally marked cleavage in the Conservative party on the subject of Social reform. Finally, they saw the splitting of the Irish Nationalist party, after the Parnell divorce case, into Parnellites and anti-Parnellites. The simple antitheses of the earlier period gave way to a new balance of forces, and between the "yellows" and the "blues" appeared a complete range of spectroscopic variations.

Yet in spite of his complexity, Mr. Garvin tells his story in the grand manner which grips attention from first to last. He has an extraordinarily vivid sense of the inner stresses of the age and with perfect art induces the completest imaginative apprehension of the reader. Never has his story been told more convincingly, for Garvin has as delicate a sense of justice as of historical perspective. A passing remark at the outset strikes the keynote of the whole book: "Nor are the motives low and petty on the part of any of the principles . . . malign misunderstandings were spread as though imps wove the plot." Moreover, without a single false touch, he vividly traces the personal factors in the political

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Family Life in an Oxfordshire Village

HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE. By Elizabeth Cambridge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $2

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

THIS, we are told, is a first novel, and was the June choice of the English Book Society. We accept the first statement on the word of the publisher, and the second is easily verifiable; and we can only conclude that "Elizabeth Cambridge" (we have no idea if this is a *nom de plume*, but somehow it has the sound of one) has for long been practising her art in secret. For her book has the artlessness that conceals art; it is like a cartoon from which every redundant line has been carefully eliminated, so that the elements of the design stand out bold and clear, telling a complex story in terms of utter simplicity. If Elizabeth Cambridge is really a young and inexperienced writer, then her future career ought to be extraordinarily interesting to watch.

That there be no misunderstanding, let me say at once that I do not believe that sun-bathers and sea-shore nymphs will in any considerable number select this book as a beach companion. It is something to be read and relished in an armchair at home. Its taste and intelligence call for corresponding qualities in the reader. For this author has successfully attempted an extremely difficult literary feat: she has essayed simply to describe the day-by-day life of a middle-class English family, living in narrow circumstances in an Oxfordshire village; and in doing it she has drawn an all but faultless picture of what has sometimes been described (rather foolishly) as the "lost generation"—that is, the generation in England that became adult during the war. The story opens with the birth of a child to the young wife of a war-marriage, the husband, a medical officer, being at the front. Before the war is over, he is invalided out of the army and takes up a scattered country practice in Oxfordshire. From then on the story is that of the adjustment of the wife, Catherine, to all the circumstances of her life—to the difficulties (and in retrospect they seem almost incredible) of living in the

(*Continued on page* 706)

Henley and His Henchmen

BY HORACE GREGORY

WHERE is William Ernest Henley and where are the Henley evenings at the house near Richmond, an hour's walk for young men who strolled through spring twilight from Bedford Park?" "The Oxford Book of English Verse" has embalmed "Invictus," whose every line is now a sentimental platitude, whose fire is ashes and is a warning of how heroic English verse should not be written. Many of the young men are gone, are resting with their chief in the files of *The Observer* and *The New Review;* and today, even Henley's luminaries, the H. G. Wellses, the Kiplings, the J. M. Barries, yes, even the Bernard Shaws are receiving ante mortem obituaries. But something more powerful than mere physical death is obscuring Henley's name and those who wrote unsigned reviews in his perodicals, for today's obscurity of his reputation is a special act of forgetting—subconscious desire to punish him for the sins of absolute yet transitory power exerted too wilfully, too openly—the iron invective resounding in still air. Silence was then (now forty years ago) the best reply and that silence has covered him until this day.

It would be well to revive him a moment before the final curtain falls, before the last Princeton senior to write in the name of Kipling as his favorite poet joins the alumni and stores his sheepskin in the family vault. See Henley once more alive—not the sensitive realistic poet who wrote distinguished vers libre years before its time—but the careerist, the hero, the Tory critic, instructor to his sub-lieutenants in the art of virulent prose. The time is any afternoon or evening between 1889 and 1898; Henley is in the room for everyone to see. His great physique, the golden, wiry beard and hair, shoulders and upper torso thrust forward across a desk or leaning full weight upon the back of a chair, would always impress his audience with the integrity of his purpose; the nervous hands and fingers stained with nicotine, and the deep, rapid inhalation of innumerable cigarettes stressed the speed of his enthusiasm, the laughter following clean-edged wit, and the flash of electric anger. It was then that one remembered the complaint of Robert Louis Stevenson's wife: that Henley's energy endangered poor Robert's health and that his friendship drove her husband to the verge of physical exhaustion.

Behind this massive figure sprang the iridescent mist of an attractive legend, and behind the legend were a few necessary facts. William Ernest Henley was born in 1849, son of an unprosperous Gloucester printer and second-hand bookdealer. In early adolescence tuberculosis of the bone had maimed one foot, and subsequently destroyed it. As he neared maturity the other foot was threatened, and to stave off the immediate danger of its amputation, Henley, penniless, friendless, made a pilgrimage to Edinburgh from Gloucester. There he appealed directly to the great surgeon, Lister, who became interested in his case and installed him for treatment in a hospital. It was from this hospital that Henley wrote to London editors, and Leslie Stephen, in particular, was stirred by the forthright personality revealed in a short letter. In February, 1875, when Stephen had occasion to visit Edinburgh, he remembered Henley and, bringing Robert Louis Stevenson with him, called at Lister's Hospital in search of the young man whose correspondence had awakened his interest. The interview with Henley was something more than a casual event; within an hour Stephen's curiosity had been transfigured into admiration for the man who so cheerfully and vigorously surmounted physical pain and economic hardship; and R. L. S. had discovered a new friend, a friend whose ruddy laughter was contagious and whose masculinity was the very complement of his own fragility and lassitude. And when at last, two years later, Henley arrived in London, he came as the reincarnation of some Northern myth, as a descendant of a Danish Anglo-Saxon ancestor, a young Thor, whose ready, short-clipped phrases struck the ground like so many thunderbolts. His first venture, *London*, a satirical weekly, chose the aging Gladstone as its foil, Gladstone, who was then a great white whale swimming to rest in Liberal waters. *London's* harpoons effected little damage to the whale, but each well-aimed thrust drew witness to a new personality in English journalism, and Henley emerged to receive the awards of an initial victory.

It was during the following ten years that Henley developed his aptitude for making important literary discoveries, and with these names: Alice Meynell, Andrew Archer, Austin Dobson, he found himself rising in the estimation of his fellows; he became an active literary agent for his friend, Stevenson, and when *London* perished (an untimely death) under him he sought out commissions for free-lance criticism and in a series of reviews ignited the smoldering reputation of George Meredith. In assuming the editorship of *The Magazine of Art* he converted that periodical into a testing field for his esthetic convictions, and there he won the credit of introducing Rodin to the English public. By the time he accepted his position as editor of *The Scots Observer,* his

This Week

PAINTING BY MA-YUAN
A poem by HUGH WESTERN

THE BOOK OF THE TIGER
By R. G. BURTON
Reviewed by William T. Hornaday

HISTORY OF THE JEWS
By JOSEF KASTEIN
Reviewed by Albert C. Wyckoff

INDIA MARCHES PAST
By R. J. MINNEY
Reviewed by Charles Roland

OVERLAND TO THE PACIFIC
Edited by ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

GAMBLER'S WIFE
By MALINDA JENKINS
Reviewed by Edwin L. Sabin

WHITE ARMIES OF RUSSIA
By GEORGE STEWART
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

Next Week or Later

THE SPORTSMAN'S LEXICON
An essay by JOHN KIERAN

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policies for a literary dictatorship had attained full growth; the paper was founded for the express purpose of becoming his personal vehicle; it was his medium and his alone for exerting absolute power.

Surely no editor had ever received his commission on better terms than those of Henley's when he stepped into the office of *The Scots Observer*. Its owner was Fitz-Roy Bell, a well-to-do Scotch lawyer who felt it his duty to restore Edinburgh's intellectual glory that had diminished sadly since the days when Wilson and Lockhart roused controversy in the pages of *The Quarterly*. He had read Henley and recognized in his prose an individual, unique vigor that carried with it those qualities of leadership which might conceivably reproduce the critical success of Cristopher North. He was prepared to be generous with such a man; the weekly was fully subsidized, and before long the wide pages of clean-cut, beautifully balanced type that set *The Scots Observer* well apart from all other papers appeared upon the library tables of the British reading public.

The Observer was Henley's opportunity to leave the impress of his heel upon the body of English literature. Self-educated and endowed with those strong prejudices that have their sources in pragmatic experience of every man who has dragged himself upward out of poverty into the drawingrooms of middle-class society, Henley's articles of faith were those of trenchant individualism. It was characteristic of him to choose Disraeli as his political model, and in this choice lay the source of his strength and weakness. Subconsciously it must have been Disraeli's drive toward imperial power that attracted Henley most, for the results that this bediamonded, golden-hued statesman obtained were tangible; Christmas tree tinsel and brass were always an effective disguise for the intervention of Lewis guns in Disraeli's proposals, and the value of his flowery waistcoats was measured in terms of the Suez Canal and the crown of India. Henley's defense of Disraeli shows clearly enough his uneasy relationship to

[illegible] success awakened his esthetic appreciation of a system that worked with the fluid noiselessness and precise dynamics of a well-oiled piston.

It is, therefore, scarcely surprising that a number of his contemporaries adopted the habit of describing him as a literary pirate, and that Stevenson, half-affectionately, modeled "Long John Silver" in his image. Even the least discerning of his fellows saw in his worship of physical strength a compensatory impulse toward balancing his own physical disabilities—and that impulse soon translated itself into editorial tyranny. From the very start, he utilized *The Observer* as a training school for his young men, young men who, under his quick eye, displayed either personal loyalty to himself or an intelligence well above the average set for promise of a literary career. From these he chose an assistant editor, Charles Whibley, who filled both requirements, and combined with them an original flair for high-class journalism. Having first proved their usefulness, the young men were forced to submit to Henley's explicit orders: "Never again use that detestable word, 'stylist,' if you would be an officier of mine," he wrote to Vernon Blackburn. Note Henley's "officier"; he was like a general commanding an army of lieutenants; and because of their number, his enemies saw danger in exciting disapproval from the chief, for he would set his pack upon them, one by one, and the assault of Henley, multiplied by twenty vitriolic little Henleys, might well demolish a flourishing literary reputation.

Henley's successful leadership, however, built castles of sand against the eventual, inevitable storm. His quarrels were frequent, and, at times, quite unnecessary. He was among the first to champion and publish W. B. Yeats, and yet could not refrain from rewriting the poetry that Yeats submitted to him. I doubt whether this prerogative ever deeply stirred Yeats's enmity, but in after years, when he is writing of the time that he, too, followed closely in the footsteps of the master, one finds his early enthusiasm considerably cooled. He remarks calmly that he was comforted by the fact that Henley also rewrote Kipling, and it is significant that he recalls on the very same page an encounter with a former member of Henley's formidable reviewing staff: "I met him in Paris very sad and, I think, very poor. 'Nobody will employ me now,' he said. 'Your master is gone,' I answered, 'and you are like the spear in an old Irish story that had to be kept dipped in poppy-juice that it might not go about killing people on its own account.'"

Henley's quarrel with Shaw was a serious matter, and in the circumstances which surrounded it, it is easy to prophesy the years of slowly approaching doom, the gradual obscurity of Henley's reputation. As in the case of Yeats, he was among the first to recognize Shaw's promise (some few years before Frank Harris shouted aloud his grand discovery of the young Irishman); and with his characteristic gesture of approval, demanded that Shaw write for the *Observer*. Shaw immediately agreed to do a series of musical commentaries for him, and all went well until the question of Richard Wagner arose. In London much of Wagner's popularity had been nursed to fever pitch by the group of pre-Raphaelites, all of whom were (and not without reason) marked targets for Henley's bitterest scorn. It is entirely possible that Henley had no objection to Wagner (Vernon Blackburn reported that Wagner's music, after Mozart's, was among his favorable prejudices), but the very thought of the Rossettis' enjoying it at all drove him blindly into the anti-Wagner camp. What followed illustrates how far his moral and esthetic judgments were deflected in a battle for supremacy, a drive toward influence as transitory and as mercurial as any debate won by Disraeli in the House of Commons. Shaw spoke well of Wagner in his essay for the *Observer*, and Henley accepted it. But on publication Shaw found whatever praise he had given Wagner changed to Henleyesque censure—and with the force of moral dignity behind his motive, he cut short his brief friendship with the *Observer's* editor; the break was final, and from that time onward Shaw chose to forget Henley or to dismiss him (not without kindly patronage) as unimportant, a poet to whom matter meant little and manner everything.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY
From "The Portrait Drawings of William Rothenstein"
Viking Press

Throughout Henley's long extended warfare against the Rossettis he reveals the character of a man whose literary tastes were excellent, but whose judgment was irrevocably bad. His own esthetic standards were often as not sloughed in miry, stagnant swamps of petty controversy. In his attacks upon the Pre-Raphaelites, one could readily sympathize with a man who said: "An artist is he who knows how to select and to inspire the results of his selection," a standard by which the Rossettis and their followers would be damned to this hour. But one is less impressed by Henley's more direct onslaught against *The Germ*, for personal venom turns upon itself and in the act of excreting poison often annihilates its author: "Dante Rossetti imagined the *Germ*, made the *Germ* possible, floated the *Germ* and in the long run died of the *Germ*. The engineer 'hoist with his own petard' was never better exampled than in Dante Rossetti and the magazine which excused his lapses and made him an amateur for the term of his natural life."

And one finds it difficult to forgive a careless and savage unsigned review of Charles Eliot Norton's "Dante" in the *Observer*. The obvious excuse for the review lies in its deliberately planned objective—a shot at the Rossetti group from an ambushed quarter—yet the book itself and Norton are rather clumsily ignored, and one feels that the reviewer has done no more than cover his ignorance of Italian by launching into full-throated abuse of all translators.

Even to this day one feels that the very nature of Henley's attack upon the Rossettis actually promoted their growing popularity and stimulated what has since become a tawdry influence upon English lyric poetry. A far more effective method of diminishing this influence was set in motion by John Churton Collins, and in illustrating this point I hope I may be pardoned for a slight digression from the subject of this essay. Collins was a friend and an exact contemporary of Henley, being born in Gloucestershire in the same year, 1849. Quite undeservedly his reputation has fallen into darkness, and but for T. S. Eliot's essay on Cyril Tourneur, his name is completely unknown in modern criticism. All one remembers of Collins are shreds of gossip circulated in horrified whispers by late Victorians who have recently taken up the art of writing memoirs. From these one learns that Collins had committed the unpardonable sin of exposing Edmund Gosse's ignorance and shoddy critical standards, of refusing to sign a petition for Oscar Wilde's release from prison on esthetic grounds, since Oscar's florid prose had offended him, and, lastly, of his reviewing a textbook issued by the Oxford University Press and disclosing its eight hundred errors. Though he received recognition in academic circles, Gosse's enmity brought Collins's career to an abrupt decline. By the use of subtle slander Gosse saw to it that doors were slammed to wherever Collins showed his genial, unrepentant smile.

Yet in rereading Collins's books of criticism, particularly the "Ephemera Critica," which contains his plea for an organized study of English literature at the universities, one finds him a just, gentlemanly, impersonalized critic of the academic standards then in vogue. Unlike Henley, the object of his attack was at a point far beyond a mere personal evaluation and time has already proved that his chastisement of Gosse as well as Saintsbury and William Rossetti was (to say the very least) a well-deserved arraignment of those who had sacrificed literary discernment for the pleasure of making friends at publisher's tea parties. His essay on William Rossetti's edition of Shelley's "Adonais" is the most serious indictment of Pre-Raphaelite criticism that has yet been published, and Collins skilfully balances his dispraise by his own acute analysis of Shelley's poetry. I offer this essay as a worthy contrast to Francis Thompson's much overrated study of the same subject, and even Matthew Arnold's well-known Shelley essay lacks Collins's penetration into the methods by which Shelley produced a memorable poem. In short, Collins fully realized and put into practice Henley's dictum that art is treatment, and his own prose, light and flexible in quality, seems to foreshadow the excellence now revealed in T. S. Eliot's occasional ventures into critical writing.

On returning from Collins to Henley it seems all the more regrettable that so much of Henley's strength was vitiated in mere double-barreled literary journalism. He was not as Stevenson once hinted (a hint, by the way, that touched off a series of erratic estrangements between the two friends) a man bent upon filling his purse at the cost of literature. None of the magazines he edited ever circulated beyond a thousand copies an issue. Even the later *Observer*, which had changed its prefix from *Scots* to *National*, and the more impressive *New Review*, which contained a large body of creative work, made no compromise with cheap or merely popular taste. At the close of his editorial career in 1898, following upon the heels of a tragic bereavement, the loss of an only child, a five-year-old daughter, he had to his credit a list of contributors whose notoriety in letters has linked his age to ours.

It was perhaps inevitable that the climax of his brief career should have been the ill-advised essay on Robert Louis Stevenson. Stevenson had been dead seven years and Henley had been given Balfour's biography of "R. L. S." for review. His death had done nothing toward resolving the emotional conflict of a severed friendship in Henley's blood. At first, Henley rejected the assignment—some premonition of disaster must have warned him—and then accepted a generous offer from the editor of *Pall Mall*. By the time he came to write the piece, his characteristic recklessness was fully roused; rambling, choked with personal reference, heavy with irrelevant bile, the essay slowly took on form, form by the way that was so shapeless that even Oscar Wilde's sneering commentary: "He has always thought too much about himself which is wise; and written too much about others which is foolish" seemed particularly apt. After a violent storm in the literary journals of the time, the episode was dropped into the earth; and when Henley died two years later in 1903, many felt as Wilde did, that he had survived all his disciples; he was left to moulder in his grave, forever chanting the poem he loved least, the poem that had become a parody of his hollow victories:

I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

* *

Horace Gregory, author of two books of poetry, has written extensively on late Victorian literary figures.

Painting by Ma-Yuan

By HUGH WESTERN

CRYSTAL the stream that hesitates and spills
Its legend from the calligraphic hills,
Purls and incontinently lunges
Through groves amorphous as so many sponges:
Straight as the strictest arrow from the quiver
Darts then this way, a swift and narrow river.
Upon its bank a figure small and droll
Crouches above his bending bamboo pole
Waiting the most improbable of fishes
He nods and, if awake, I think he wishes
For that peculiar and fresh-water cod
Whose scales may bear the hieroglyph of god.
Don't think I mock this old
Philosopher in sepia and gold.
Not I!
I only wonder why
We all don't fish for such queer creatures too
Who find, alas, much duller things to do.

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"Old Stripes"

THE BOOK OF THE TIGER. By Brig-General R. G. Burton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

YES, this well-made and tiger-colored volume really intends to bring its subject animal down to date; but we would gladly exchange the chapter on camp equipment for matter which would throw more light upon the rather questionable status of "Old Stripes" today. However, with a fresh and new tiger book clasped in our hands, and carrying us like a magic carpet fifty-five years back to the Days that Were, we are quickly comforted, and joyously launch out to explore and exploit this really excellent contribution of adventure and natural history work.

Of all living land animals the statuesque and richly decorated tiger is one of the most spectacular. While the lion still is the titular king of beasts, and so ever will remain, the artistically painted Apollo tiger is the fascinating and fearsome devil who dwells longest and most vividly in the memory of his interviewer. And glory be! He still marches or creeps his way through his jungly world, and obstinately refuses to be exterminated just now. That later on the millions of new high-power rifles in the hands of a grand army of new and cheap shikaris presently will get many a striped terror of the jungle, we have no doubt whatever.

Of course there are in this dignified and conscientious volume quantities of pertinent facts and figures, and many thrilling short stories of tiger-hunting adventures. There are rather too many quotations from aged books, and some of them are a bit tiresome. Why should anyone now care to read a dozen writers about tigers (and *tigresses* also!) allegedly from "eleven to twelve feet" long, or more, when the world knows that "there ain't no such animal?" And where is the gentle reader who will not read this passage with some regret:

> Some of the sportsmen of bygone days produced many interesting books which the present writer for one, finds far more attractive than most similar publications of the present century. Their natural history was in many cases primitive; some of their Tigers used to measure up to thirteen feet by the length of the stripped skin, as already described, a quite legitimate method when almost universally adopted, though not of natural history value.

After that, what else can we do than leave the author with Rice and his eleven foot tigresses of 1850, and other authors with similar figures.

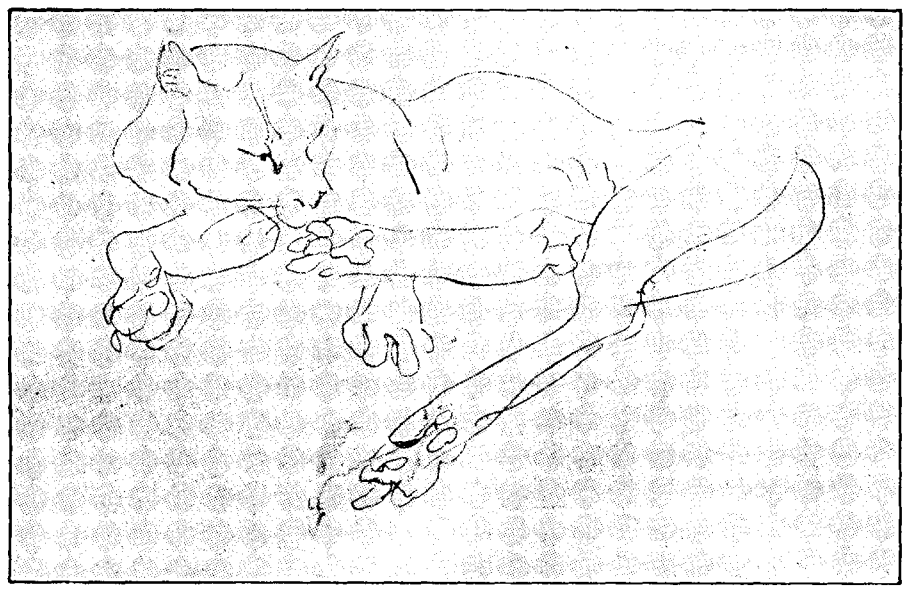
In a brief review it is impossible to discuss in detail the present state of the tiger population, except to say that, as might be expected, it is steadily diminishing in spots. And those areas of scarcity or extinction are fatally beginning to merge together, like the waters of an inundation. As sure as guns are guns, the fine big-game fauna of India is now in the greatest danger ever, and it is the abundant and secret native shikari who will accomplish the exterminations. Against him and his hidden hunting, game wardens and game laws will be found about ninety-five per cent impotent to save the valuable game.

Of the seventeen chapters in General Burton's book those of major interest and value are: Protective Coloration; Geographical Distribution; Breeding; Character and Habits; How Tigers Hunt; The Prey of Tigers; Man Eaters, and Tiger Hunting. We hate to admit it, but to us the most satisfactory chapter as to literary construction is the last one, on "The Lion of India." It is very much worth while, and will be welcomed by all American readers.

General Burton holds, and satisfactorily proves, that the tiger hunts by sight or sound, and not by scent, and that his scent is poor. He says that native shikaris out to hunt tigers pay no attention whatever to the wind as a scent-carrier, or to stalking against the wind.

The chapters on the tiger's methods of pursuit and attack, his choice of game, man as tiger prey, feats of strength in combat, conduct when shot, and attitude toward other wild animals are all extremely interesting and valuable. The passages on white tigers are rare and instructive, but the author rather slights the magnificent Siberian tiger, and the short-haired tigers of Sumatra and Java, which many dealers in wild animals class together as "the small tigers," and value accordingly.

On the whole, and for the combined sporting, natural history and literary value that it carries, we heartily welcome this "Book of the Tiger" to the American library shelf, and to the company of the sixty or more other books in English that have been either wholly or partly written to do justice to "Old Stripes," and to interest the millions of people who either love or fear him. This volume is highly desirable as an excellent and up-to-date exposition of a glorious and fascinating wild animal that will not be wholly exterminated so long as the jungles of the Far East endure.



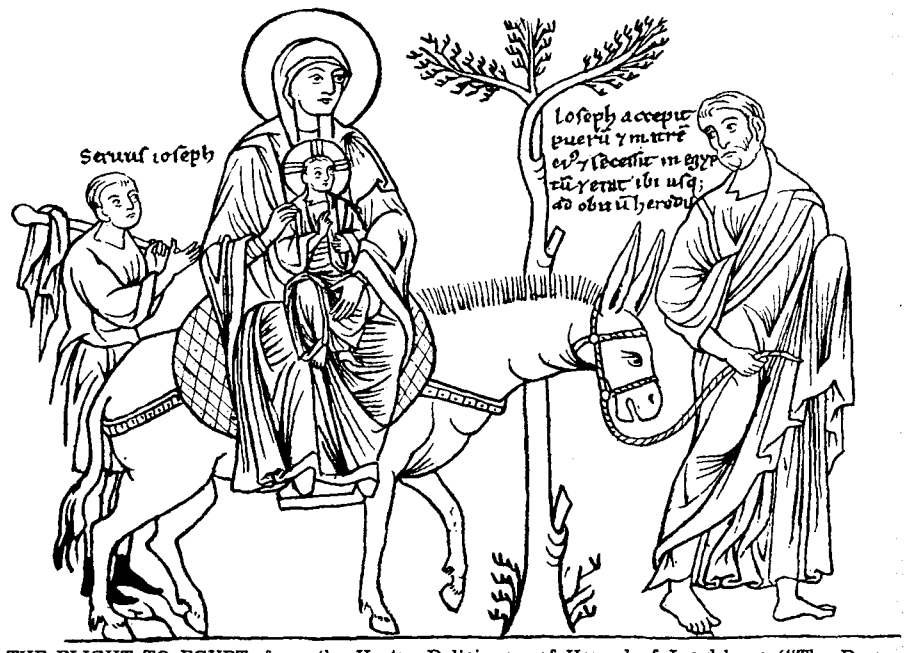
THE TIGER RECLINING. By H. GAUDIER-BRZESKA.
(From "Thirty Years of British Art." A. & C. Boni.)

William T. Hornaday, who was for many years director of the New York Zöological Park, is the author among numerous other books of "Two Years in the Jungle" and "Minds and Manners of Wild Animals."

Why Is Hitler

THE STRANGE CASE OF HERR HITLER. By Everett R. Clinchy. A John Day pamphlet. New York: The John Day Co. 1933. *25 cents.*

MR. CLINCHY, taking the long view of the anthropologist, applies the terminology of William Graham Sumner to the phenomenon of Adolf Hitler, the symbol of the present "in-group" in Germany. He explains Hitlerism as the natural reaction to the Peace of Versailles, which, so he intimates, is rightly conceived as barbarous by the suffering German people. One excess begets another, and the Jews are, unfortunately, to pay. Mr. Clinchy thinks "the simple fact that [the war generation of babies] never had enough milk, added to the nerve tension which conditioned them emotionally during the postwar inflation . . . accounts, to some extent, for . . . abnormal tension . . ." Multiplied by Dawes and Young plans, and the answer is "Little Man, Now is Hitler."



THE FLIGHT TO EGYPT, from the Hortus Deliciarum of Herrad of Landsberg ("The Drama of the Medieval Church," Oxford University Press)

Israel Through the Ages

HISTORY AND DESTINY OF THE JEWS. By Josef Kastein. Translated by Huntley Paterson. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $3.50.

THE JEW THROUGH THE CENTURIES. By Herbert L. Willett. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Company. 1933. $3.

THE GERMAN JEW, HIS SHARE IN MODERN CULTURE. By Abraham Myerson and Isaac Goldberg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $1.25.

Reviewed by ALBERT C. WYCKOFF, D.D.

EACH of these books makes a unique contribution essential for an adequate understanding of their common subject. Kastein's work comes first in importance, for he represents the historic Jew whose soul pulsates through every sentence in his narrative. Upon this fact he comments:

> No man who feels impelled by a deep passion to write history, more especially the history of his own people, can remain neutral; if he did he could not breathe his own soul into the narrative. The man who does not feel history as he feels his own fate, affecting and embracing him, remains no more than a compiler.

No reader can think of Kastein as a compiler, all of his historical material first passes through the filter of his own Jewish soul. For this reason, and not in spite of it, he claims: "The finished work contains the objective truth and the fundamental meaning of the events narrated." His brilliant and passionate work so fascinates the reader that one is not disposed to quarrel with him over his dangerous psychological methodology. Only occasionally, as in his interpretations of Jesus of Nazareth and Saul of Tarsus, does it lead him into unsound character appraisals.

So well does Kastein know the soul of the Jew that instinctively he senses its real presence in the kernel of history back of the patriarchal legends, as he describes them, in Genesis, the traditional history of Moses in Exodus, and in the full sweep of the Old Testament Scriptures. The very soul that has made the Scriptures immortal, and yet seems to escape the recognition of the historical critical scholar.

This fact is seen when Professor Willett's interpretation of the same material is compared with Kastein's. To the former, social and political forces are the primary causes considered. To the latter, these are secondary. Natural psychologist that he is, he writes:

> The growth of a people is always a mysterious process . . . It serves no purpose to tell us that certain demonstrable causes lie at the root of all this—climate, food, economic conditions. This may be so, but as an explanation it is inadequate. Like man himself, human communities grow organically as a part of nature. The decisive factor is the part played by the soul, the spirit, the idea. This is the undemonstrable and mysterious factor in every case of historical development. All it does is to manifest itself. Whether a man can accept it or not is a matter of faith.

It would be a very great mistake to infer here that Josef Kastein is a religious fanatic. He is an historian and not primarily interested in religion. He is, however, determined to interpret the historical Jewish spirit to the Gentile, and to some of his own race. Psychologically the Jewish personality functions as an oriental. This is why the rationalistic, logical, theological, science-minded Anglo-Saxon never has been able to understand his Scriptures or his reactions. The continuity of the real spirit of the Jew is unmistakably in evidence from the patriarch Abraham to Kastein himself. And through all the tragic experiences of this people it has been nourished and preserved by the same ideology. All future historical critical scholars will be forced to recognize Kastein's invaluable contribution to the understanding of this literature.

Up to this point Mr. Willett's book m[ay] seem to have suffered by comparis[on]. But this is only because we have be[en] following our historical study from t[he] standpoint of the Jew. When we begin to study the social environment in which the Jew has lived since his own nation lost its political home, only the Gentile can do full justice to its side of the subject. And no one is better equipped than Professor Willett for this task. For many years he has been Professor of Semitic Languages and Literature at the University of Chicago, and he devoted a life-time to this field. He is intimately acquainted, and on the most friendly terms with the great Jewish leaders of today. His liberal understanding of their problems, and his desire to be more than fair makes him lean over backwards at times. His real contribution begins with the Christian era, and comes to its climax in the three chapters, "The Rise of Zionism," "The Jew and Arab in Palestine," "The Jew To-Day and To-Morrow."

Our third book, "The German Jew," by Myerson and Goldberg, might be entered as exhibit A to prove that Professor Willett, and not Kastein, is the true prophet of the "Destiny of the Jew." Its authors are two eminent Jewish professors who in the congenial environment of our great American universities have lost much of Kastein's emotional protective mechanism of feeling. They have hastily compiled a "Who's Who" in German cultural life, to call the attention of the public to the invaluable contribution the Jew has made to Germany. There is an intimate, personal touch to their many comments which makes the book charmingly entertaining.

Here is an astonishing array of eminent Jews, and their cultural achievements. As one closes the book it does seem that in this cultural field Hitler in reality is excommunicating the German people from their most outstanding cultural achievements. This loss is too great for any nation long to endure. The historical discovery of nation after nation is that the Jew is indispensable. "A people as vital as the Jews stand in no need of an apologia."

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN. *Assistant Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS
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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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Character or Knowledge?

Robert Maynard Hutchins, who quit as head of the Yale Law School to become president of Chicago University at an "extravagantly young" age, as Thomas Beer would say, has blighted one more old chestnut in the current issue of *The Yale Review*. "Universities," he says, "have developed the idea in parents, or parents have developed it in universities, that the institution is in some way responsible for the moral, social, physical, and intellectual welfare of the student. This is very nice for the parents; it is hard on the universities, for besides being expensive, it deflects them from their main task, which is the advancement of knowledge." ". . . sooner or later," Mr. Hutchins adds, "the university must take the position that the student should not be sent to the university unless he is independent and intelligent enough to go there."

No doubt Mr. Hutchins will have a lot of explaining to do when the boys get their knives working. For he has attacked, almost casually, one of the oldest "vested interests" in the university world. How many professors, dull, obtuse, with no imaginative grasp of their own subject matter, have fled for refuge to the word "character"! It long ago became the favorite rock of a particular type of schoolmaster who admired the English of Eton's playing fields above all other people; "character," to this type of teacher, became synonymous with a kind of pigheaded, uncomprehending loyalty to a set of first principles bequeathed by the past to the present, a set of first principles whose dead hand it should be the initial prerogative of the student to question, lest he go through his life a walking ghost of a dead age. In America, the proponents of "character development" have produced the "beef-eater," whose "muscular Christianity" became a byword to the "esthete." And the "esthete" himself was called into being as the dialectical opposite of the type smiled upon by the character builders. "Character" has produced hundreds of graduates—names on request, though the interrogator must be sworn to secrecy—with the brainpans of dinosaurs, graduates who lumber about in the grooves set for them in adolescence. Fruitful thinkers along social lines developed by the American universities have, by and large, been the few fortunate souls who have escaped the character-moulding processes. We give you Thorstein Veblen, Sinclair Lewis, Edmund Wilson, to name a few Yale and Princeton graduates. Harvard, most hospitable to the eccentric, and of all American universities least addicted to the official shaping of character, has, perhaps, contributed more good men to the arts and sciences than any other institution. And for a very good reason.

The bearing of all this on books should be obvious. Character builders would keep the young away from the type of book which promotes skepticism of the values dear to the heart of the pedagogue in question. This is the very negation of education, which is, or ought to be, an exposure to *all* books on *all* questions. The character builders of the World War epoch in American education, who sedulously kept their students away from the German tongue and German works in the interests of creating and conditioning a certain type of graduate, were only one cut above Hitler. We say "one cut above," for the fact of the War was perhaps too much for mortal men to handle. Yet German was certainly just as much of an intellectual tool, the key to scientific works as well as cultural, in 1917 as it is today. Mr. Hutchins deserves the thanks of those who believe knowledge comes from exposure to books—*all* books.

The New Compensation

A compensatory principle seems to be at work in literature as in other fields. It is now many years since educators began to bemoan the fact that with the passing of classical education and scriptural study literature had lost one of its effective means of connotation. In the past a reference to the classics or to the Bible was readily understood by large numbers of persons. Poetry and fiction especially gained vividness by allusion which through a mere name or phrase released an entire host of associations. Today the writer who would point his tale by such references must either explain them, and so clog his narrative and negate his own purpose, or run the risk of failing to make the desired impact on his readers. So, naturally, even if he has them ready to hand, he leaves them out. Which means that much which is most lovely and stirring to the imagination has passed from literature. On the other hand he has found an entirely new aid to the vividness of his narrative in the rotogravure sections, the movies, the picture postcards, all those many modern means of rendering distant parts familiar. Where formerly he had to create scene and background by description, now he can presuppose in a large part of his public a visual knowledge that illuminates his writing. Description has for long been going out of style in literature. Allusion to place, however, ought increasingly to enrich reading as reference to fable or Biblical legend did in the past.

The League for Industrial Democracy sends in a pamphlet recommending "significant recent books on social reconstruction." The editorial committee responsible for selecting the list includes Heywood Broun, Elmer Davis, Lewis Gannett, Harry Hansen, and Henry Hazlitt. Truly, the committee has spread a wide net, the catches ranging from Clarence Darrow's "The Story of My Life" to John Dewey's "The Way Out of Educational Confusion," and from Van Loon's "Geography" to Hans Fallada's "Little Man, What Now?" Evidently "social reconstruction" includes any titles that make you think about anything at all this side of the twelfth century.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

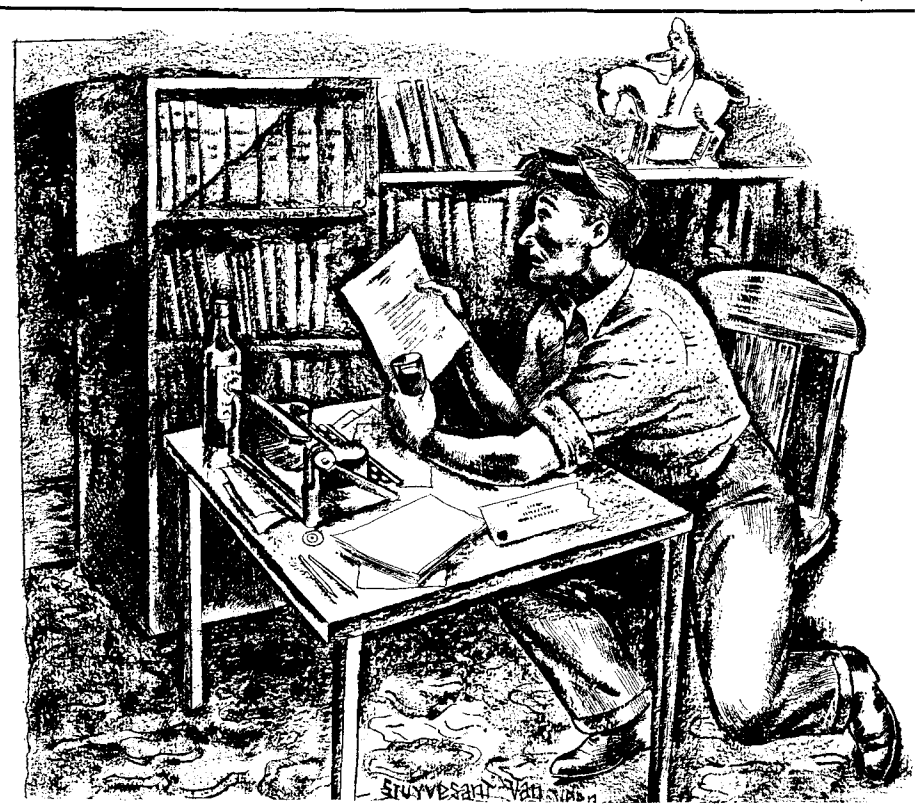
HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE. By ELIZABETH CAMBRIDGE. *Putnam.* Day-by-day life of a middle-class English family.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. By J. L. GARVIN. *Macmillan.* The second volume of this biography of a Victorian Statesman.

HISTORY AND DESTINY OF THE JEWS. By JOSEF KASTEIN. *Viking Press.* Interpretations of the Jewish soul through the ages.

This Less Recent Book:

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK. By WILLA CATHER. *Knopf.* A historical novel of Quebec.



WHAT! ANOTHER BOOK JUST BECAUSE MY PUBLISHER GETS AN IDEA?

To the Editor: *A Garland for Adolf Hitler*

Letters are welcomed, but those discussing reviews will be favored for publication if limited to 200 words.

A Leather Medal

Sir: For stupid intolerance that letter of F. F. Schrader in your July 1, 1933, issue takes the leather medal on the yellow band. I do not believe in this kind of ostrich politics. He would have the Germans—and us, too, for that matter—passively draw our education only from the narrow compass of the prejudice of the ruling class. To quote Mr. Schrader: "Only such works as in their character are propagandistic, demoralizing, and pathologically depressing were burned."

To give but one example disproving this, Rathenau's works, which had none of these characteristics, were burned.

As to his statement that "The burning of objectionable books has never yet destroyed an idea in literature worth preserving," perhaps Mr. Schrader has forgotten about the burning of the Alexandrian library (to say nothing of the puerility of burning books at all). Perhaps the key to Mr. Schrader's line of reason may be found in his expression "alien thought." Have the Germans or rather the Nazis a monopoly of current thinking? It reminds one of the quondam Emperor's "Gott der Deutschen" in its tribal implications.

Madison, Conn. ELINOR GROE.

A Gold Medal

Sir: One cannot fail to note Mr. Schrader's meticulous avoidance of the word *Jew* in his enthusiastic defense of the destruction of books by that consummate judge and creator of literary works, Herr Adolf Hitler. Many of the works destroyed had no such charge as "propagandistic, demoralizing, and pathologically depressing" against them—their worst offense against society and literary standards was their authorship, the fact that they were written by—Jews. How can one with a background of reading or with any genuine love for great literature and its delicately balanced spiritual values and innate aspiration tolerate the intolerance of the German gesture? May I commend Mr. Canby for his excellent report of the P. E. N. Conference?

MOLLIE R. GOLOMB.

New York City.

Art Misunderstood

Sir: Admittedly, the German people do not understand literature as an art (*not* as a cleverly fabricated piece of the morally good); nor do the Americans; nor the Albanians; nor the Hottentots. We are in this fix because all but a few individuals (truly the chosen!) do not control their mental or spiritual processes closely, rigorously enough to have that most precious of all things, the conception of form emerge. And again admittedly, since most people experience their "art" on a plane so immeasurably inferior to that on which it is conceived by the brain of the great artist, the idea of censorhip, book-burning, and other relics of medievalism continue to flourish. The leader of a people nowadays is usually as completely innocent of the esthetic experience as most of those whom he leads, as Mr. F. F. Schrader, and many others. Their interests are sociological rather than artistic.

It is art misunderstood, not art understood, which gives rise to censorship; censorship of propaganda is, of course, all right; but art and propaganda are incompatible, yet undoubtedly some of the works condemned under the present system (of Hitler's, for instance) are art. Another example is "Ulysses" banned here and in England. I earnestly suggest that the distinction be always made.

PETER A. PERTZOFF.

Cambridge, Mass.

High-Class Spleen

Sir: I am a charter member of *The Saturday Review*, and I still swear by it, but I want to raise my voice in protest against the type of review that merely affords the reviewer a chance to let off spleen. A high-class spleen but still spleen. Interesting and satisfactory to himself, personally, but not to the patient reader who reads book reviews in the hope of finding out what the books are about. An earlier example of this, to mention but one of many, was the review of Shaw's "Adventures of the Black Girl." A review which revealed the very unhappy state of mind (and body, probably) of the reviewer, but told us nothing (that we wanted to know) about Shaw's book.

In the issue of June 24, the review on "Lawrence and Brett" is just such another fit of spleen. The reviewer is exasperated, and gets a lot off his chest (a good deal of it I quite agree with), *but is this the function of a book review?* Surely he could manage a paragraph or two about the book itself, so the reader would know *what* it's about, and be able to judge whether to read or buy it.

EDNA GLADYS BOURNE.

Regina, Saskatchewan.

Grow Old Along With Me

Sir:

Witter Bynner in Reflection*
Makes this curious deflection:
"The older we grow
The less we know."
Now forsooth he should have stated
(Else I'm e'en now addlepated)
That the older we grow
Our limitations *we know.*
Too, "The longer we live
The less we forgive,"
Should read, The longer we live
The more *we forgive.*
Surely less *should read* more;
Those of three score
Just learning to live
Are free to forgive.
As for "This being wrong
No one lives long"
Time measured by thought,
And kindnesses wrought,
Comes not in the span,
As reckoned by man,
Years short by his count
May to centuries mount.

ELIZABETH POMEROY.

Washington, D. C.

* See *Saturday Review*, May 27, 1933, page 614.

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Joe Chamberlain

(*Continued from first page*)

pattern—the ruptured friendships, the tragedies of Dilke, Chamberlain and Parnell, the domination of Gladstone, the shrewd manœuvering of Salisbury and Balfour, as well as the central theme of Chamberlain's own dæmonic force and courage. This second volume more than confirms the suggestion of the first, that this story will rank as one of the greatest political biographies of the language.

The first volume traced Chamberlain's success as a business man; it described his remarkable work in Birmingham municipal government; it showed his irrepressible rise to political fame and cabinet rank as a left-wing radical; it told of his creation of a remarkable election-winning organization for the Liberal party. But it also revealed clearly the division in the Liberal ranks. Early nineteenth century Liberalism had proclaimed two theorems, both seemingly self-evident: the first, that the individual was the best judge of his own interests and should therefore be allowed to pursue them untrammeled by the restrictions of entrenched privilege inherited from the past; the second, that the government should seek the greatest good of the greatest number. Superficially, the second was but a platitudinous reïteration of the first, but basically they were mutually contradictory as the career of Chamberlain clearly proved. The first theorem (on which Liberals were practically unanimous) entailed the sweeping away of privilege, the democratization of the franchise, town government, and education, and the establishment of free trade and *laissez-faire*. It was a grand policy of cleansing negation, and Gladstone was the incarnation of that attitude. But there was an obvious limit to such a policy of abolishing restrictions. Was the historic function of Liberalism accomplished when that limit was reached? Or were there *positive* elements in Liberalism which could constitute the basis of a new program? It was Joseph Chamberlain, first of all Liberals, who made the relevance of the question apparent. For his "radicalism" was but an increasing emphasis upon the second Liberal theorem, upon the duty of the government positively to promote the "greatest happiness principle" by direct intervention in social reform questions. He saw that *laissez-faire*, as typified by Lord Hartington's Whig attitude, would rapidly crystallize into Conservatism now that England had been made a land fit for Forsytes to live in. His whole political career down to Gladstone's sudden conversion to Irish Home Rule was a protest against such an attitude.

Gladstone's unhappy ministry from 1880 to 1885 was the transitional phase between the old Liberalism and the new, as Garvin has already shown. It had intensely irked Chamberlain to have to compromise (for the sake of cabinet responsibility and party unity) on this subject. It was with nothing but satisfaction that he welcomed the fall of that ministry and Salisbury's assumption of office. Garvin begins the second instalment of his biography at that moment of expansive relief when Chamberlain, now unmuzzled, was able to press the propaganda of his own radical "unauthorized program" in the constituencies. All the dreams of political ambition seem now within his grasp. Only a few months waiting, it seems, and he and Dilke will step into the shoes of Gladstone and Hartington to begin the new constructive phase of British Liberalism. Little could he then foresee the political confusion that was to result from Gladstone's prolonging the imminence of his retirement over ten continuous years.

Chamberlain's radical accents at this stage are unmistakable. No longer is the government to be the mere keeper of the ring wherein rugged individualists fight out their own destiny. "Politics," he said during this unauthorized campaign, "is the science of human happiness." In his great speech at Warrington in the autumn of 1885 (which strikes the keynote of the next quarter century of English domestic politics), he declares unequivocally that the first great task of Liberalism is accomplished and the second must now be begun.

> The great problem of our civilization is still unsolved. We have to account for and to grapple with the mass of misery and destitution in our midst, coexistent as it is with the evidence of abundant wealth and teeming prosperity. It is a problem which some men would put aside by reference to the eternal laws of supply and demand, to the necessity of freedom of contract, and to the sanctity of every private right of property. But, gentlemen, these phrases are the convenient cant of selfish wealth.

The very success of his unofficial campaign—which raised him to the height of his popularity in the constituencies—was itself proof of Chamberlain's own words: "I think the Gladstonian period is slowly coming to an end. . . . Its central idea is doomed." Had Gladstone retired at this point Chamberlain would have swept the country on a radical program and dominated the future of his party.

But this simple transition whereby the old Liberalism would gracefully yield to the new was destined never to occur. There cut horizontally across the process the problem of Ireland. Gladstone was suddenly converted to the Home Rule policy and, relegating to a back place the new Liberal program for which he had little sympathy, for ten years committed his party to the pursuit of his private vision. Thus the irony of Chamberlain's position lay in the fact that his passionately sincere convictions on the necessity for maintaining the Irish Union intact drove him to oppose his Chief, and eventually to smash the very party which alone could have implemented his radical ideals. Indeed, the irony cut deeper: for the Liberal majority in the election of 1886—which alone enabled Gladstone to introduce his Home Rule Bill—would never have existed had it not been for Chamberlain's own work in carrying the country constituencies for Liberalism. Yet Chamberlain would no more consent to what he considered would be the secession of Ireland than could Lincoln agree to the secession of the South.

Gladstone's obsession and continuance in politics forced upon him a cruel decision: whether, for the sake of the Union, he should wreck his party and indefinitely postpone his program; or whether, for the sake of office, power, and the possible achievement of his radical program, he should consent to (what seemed to him)

J. L. GARVIN, BY LOW
From "Lions and Lambs" (Harcourt, Brace)

Irish secession. He temporized as long as possible, and vigorously pressed his own federal scheme of "home-rule-all-round." But Gladstone remained adamant, the Liberal split occurred, and for nine years Chamberlain and his "liberal unionist" followers went out into the wilderness. It is one of the masterly achievements of Garvin's biography that his presentation of the story does not at this stage fall into the monotony of anti-climax. With undiminished vigor of narrative he goes on to trace Chamberlain's amazing courage and skill in fighting for the coherence of his party and for his own political life. We are shown the gradual stages by which the "Unionists" slowly drew nearer the Conservatives, and how at the same time Chamberlain egged on the Conservative party to adopt piece by piece modified versions of his former radical schemes. Garvin reconstructs, with perfect sureness of touch, the dramatic elements of the situation. We breathe again as with a certain inevitableness the atmosphere of the decade, and sympathetically comprehend the consuming hatreds, the vitriolic abuse, and the broken friendships. Yet all the while we are made to feel that the figures in the drama are animated by forces greater than they realized "as though imps wove the plot." For cross-currents of world magnitude were complicating the simpler verities of domestic political attitudes: imperialism, tariff problems, the struggle for world markets, and the race for armaments.

As the second act of his career ends, Chamberlain is back in power again. In the elections of 1895 he had for the second time been the spearhead of Unionist attack which defeated the Liberals and more than any other man had contributed to the sweeping Conservative victory. It was a foregone conclusion that he would be in the new ministry. When the curtain goes down, Chamberlain is holding the seals of the Colonial office. And the prospects for his future in the Conservative party are now almost as glowing and undisputed as had been his prospects in the Liberal party ten years previously.

Not since the third volume of Morley's "Life of Gladstone" was published has the student of English politics awaited with like eagerness the completion of such a biography.

C. H. Driver is lecturer in English Constitutional History in the University of London, Kings College.

Believe It or Not

INDIA MARCHES PAST. By R. J. Minney. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1933. $5.

Reviewed by CHARLES ROLAND

IN the good old days this reviewer reported, for the *Chicago Evening Post*, a fantastic and utterly incredible trial before the then Federal Judge Landis. By a plot hatched in India, financed in Germany, vessels were chartered in the United States, laden with munitions in a secret island off Mexico, to be dispatched via Shanghai to India, where rebellion was to be instigated by blowing up Calcutta. Maybe it was Bombay.

You don't believe it? All defendants were found guilty. Later, in San Francisco, at a parallel trial after the plot went askew, the Hindu defendant whipped out his revolver in open court, shot and killed the Hindu witness, then fired a bullet into his own breast.

Any book on India must be exciting, and Mr. Minney's is no exception; it belongs on your summer list and in every *bon voyage* gift. From Alexander the Great to Gandhi the historic sequence is impossible, improbable, and true. India is the incubator, if not the cradle, of religions, and in this field Mr. Minney seems a specialist. India's sins, sex, and ignorance he indicts in chapters which outmayo Katherine Mayo's famous "Mother India."

Thus the defects as well as virtues of the volume become manifest. The book is engrossing if not erudite; it is well-conceived and solidly organized; it betrays gross bias and myopic, astigmatic vision. Concerning Indian art and culture the author has little to say. Exquisite illustrations, chosen by Mr. Laurence Binyon, of a Mogul painting and a carved stone window, point to a rich and creative phase of Indian life into which Mr. Minney has not penetrated. Indian literature gets summarized, of all places, in the appendix.

Mr. Minney frankly is expounding a thesis: Britain belongs in India. Considering that this is where she is, and eminently successful at governing the 350,000,000 population of the pearl-and-ivory empire, the author waxes unduly wroth over occasional dissidence. Only in heaven does one get everlasting harmony, Mr. Minney; even the Occident falls a measure and more short of loving peace and perfect confidence.

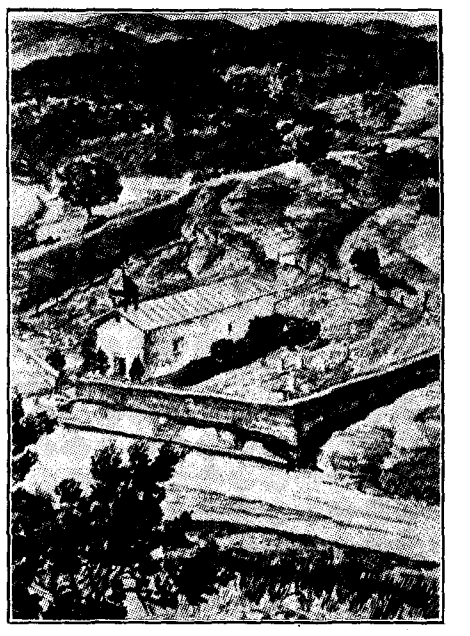
The record quoted shows that India sent a million men to the several fronts in the late war; more than 50,000 laid down their lives; India's monetary contribution reached the "attractive" total of £113,000,000. Aspersions on the sincerity of Gandhi and other patriots react solely on the author, who, incidentally, in more than one outburst lets his choler get the better of his syntax.

The Early Southwest

OVERLAND TO THE PACIFIC: A Documentary and Narrative History of the Main Epochs of Far Western History. Edited by Archer Butler Hulbert. Volume I: Zebulon Pike's Arkansaw Journal, Interpreted by his Newly-Recovered Maps. Volume II: Southwest on the Turquoise Trail; the first Diaries on the Road to Santa Fé. Denver: The Stewart Commission. 1932, 1933. $5 *each.*

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THESE handsomely printed volumes are the first fruits of the most important enterprise in Western historical research since H. H. Bancroft began compiling his monumental record of the Pacific Slope. The well-endowed Stewart Commission plans to do for the trans-Mississippi area what the American Historical Association did for the older parts of the country in its "Original Narratives of American History." Indeed, it promises to do more. If the enterprise is carried through, all the historical ma rials on the West up to the Civil War v have been sifted, restudied, searched where still hidden, and interpreted in the light of the latest knowledge. Of the first eight volumes these two deal with the Southwestern trails. Four more are to follow on the Oregon Trail, the rush to Oregon, and the career of Marcus Whitman. Still another is to deal with the Columbia frontier. And these first eight will merely complete one part of the enterprise, the part called "Couriers and Crusaders." Settlement, the fur-trade, the gold rush, wars with Indians and Mexico, and other aspects of Western history will remain to be dealt with.



NEW MEXICO CHURCH
By O'Neil Ford

In these first two volumes Dr. Hulbert shows how admirably equipped he is to direct such an enterprise. It might have seemed that Zebulon Pike's journal offered nothing new to students. There have been repeated editions. That published by Elliot Coues in three volumes in 1895, with its exhaustive critical commentary, its full life of Pike, and its new map, seemed at the time to exhaust the subject. But Dr. Hulbert has shown that Pike's journal through Louisiana Territory and into New Spain (he, of course, omits the journal of the trip to the headwaters of the Mississippi) can be reprinted with new material that gives an entirely fresh value.

The volume of diaries on the Santa Fé trail contains seven early records of travel between the Missouri frontier and Santa Fé, and two records of further travel into California and Mexico. They do not comprise all the documents available; they do include the most typical and valuable. Though all have been printed before, some have appeared in very obscure nooks—one of the best, for example, in a report of the Kansas State Historical Society; and there is no library in the country which contains all of them. Dr. Hulbert has enriched them not only with notes but with a large body of bibliographical material, giving a survey of other documents of the same period on the trail; and he has also searched British and American magazines on the subject.

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The Bowling Green

A Casual Anthology

CELESTIAL PARADOX

SIDE by side
the Chinese have placed
The sun and the moon
to make their word for *bright:*
Golden Tiger,
White Dragon,
lie down, be reconciled,—
terrible
and lovely
together!

KATHRYN JEAN MAC FARLANE.

Had I to choose a great American city for my dwelling-place the choice would not be easy, but I think it would fall on San Francisco.—L. P. Jacks, in *My American Friends.*

Not since *The Freeman* (1920-1924) has any magazine been so loved by its readers in America as is the *New English Weekly.* —Gorham Munson in the *New English Weekly,* May 25, 1933.

The ship not coming caused whiskey to be scarce, and drink called hooch was taken instead. It was made of molasses, and of spirit of various berries; even old leather was thrown into the cauldrons. —Talbot Clifton's diary in Alaska, 1895.

Technocracy had its day . . . it was characteristic of Americans that they gave it a whirl and then dropped it as they had dropped miniature golf. . . . This quality of the American people of being able to worry greatly about a thing and dismiss it fast, is one of the factors to be taken into account in the social revolution.—E. B. White, *Alice Through the Cellophane* (a *John Day* pamphlet, 25 cents).

LANDSCAPE AS A NUDE

She lies on her left side, her flank golden:
Her hair is burned black with the strong sun:
The scent of her hair is of rain in the dust on her shoulders:
She has brown breasts and the mouth of no other country:

. . . The grasses of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana
Run with the plunge of the wind as a wave tumbling:
Under her knees there is no green lawn of the Florentines:
Under her dusty knees is the corn stubble:
Her belly is flecked with the flickering light of the corn.

—Archibald MacLeish, in *Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City* (Also a *John Day* pamphlet, 25 cents. This one, and *Alice Through the Cellophane,* can give you for 50 cents a day of brilliant excitement.)

AN OLD TRICK OF THE REVIEWERS

. . . An old trick of the reviewers, who sometimes amuse themselves (and Heaven knows, reviewers have no excess of amusement) by avoiding the author's expressed intention and flogging him for a failure in a race he never ran.—Edmund Blunden, in *Charles Lamb and His Contemporaries.*

People made of skin and bone are just as incredible as people made of ink and paper; the Almighty allows Himself a much more frantic latitude in inventing people than we writers do. . . . *Really* to write about people, one must contrive to be present at a scene that—in flesh and blood—one never succeeds in witnessing; one must contrive to know people when they are alone. And I am sure that when people are alone they are entirely incredible. —Stella Benson, in *Pull Devil, Pull Baker* (a book it would be a pity to miss. After her experience with the memoirs of the old Count de Toulouse, Stella Benson remarks, "I could edit an armadillo now, if I had to." And I specially hope that every Advertising Manager will read the chapter called "The Man Who Fell in Love with the Coöperative Stores").

Shakespeare's possible blunders are quite as agreeable to me as his felicities. The $1.50 copy of his plays in which I write my own marginal notes is more valuable to me than the First Folio which Dr. Rosenbach just bought for $62,000. . . . When Lady Macbeth says, "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand," I write down, "But does a woman think of her hand as *little?*"—J. Mistletoe, *Undelivered Lectures.*

. . . This immortal scene (*Twelfth Night,* Act II, Scene 5) of which the amazing effectiveness makes one wonder why the daydream has been so neglected by most novelists except by the masters of them all, Tolstoy and Flaubert, and by the writer of the greatest novel of the world, which is all compact of daydreams, Don Quixote's daydreams of chivalrous adventure, and Sancho Panza's of his Island. —Logan Pearsall Smith, *On Reading Shakespeare.*

The wheelbarrow stood outside the window of an old negro's house on a back street in the suburb where I live. It was pouring rain and there were white chickens walking about in it. The sight impressed me somehow as about the most important, the most integral that it had ever been my pleasure to gaze upon.—William Carlos Williams, in his note on a poem ("The Red Wheelbarrow") in W. R. Benét's *Fifty Poets.*

Chiken, Turken, Ham-eggs, Sloppy-special, Suwiss-cheese, Slices-and-everything.—Sandwich List, Sloppy Joe's Bar, Havana.

Transcript of casual note (of no importance whatever) sent me by excitable French lady on board ship. The letter-spaces and punctuation are exact. "SS. Pennsylvania! - - - -! - - - - -! - - - -! - -! - - -! - - -? - - - - -! - -! Sat. Morn!"—W. S. Hall, *Letters of Travel.*

One of the unconscious functions of poetry, and the chief conscious function of the interpreter of poetry, is to waken the dead. Not that those with any sort of appreciation of poetry are actually dead, but they are frequently in a state of perpetual hibernation.—Elizabeth Drew, *Discovering Poetry* (W. W. Norton & Co.).

I have in my possession, and have had for forty years, some rather amusing unpublished stuff of Bliss Carman's. I used to know him quite well in 1893, in Canada, and he gave me copies of this stuff, because I liked it. I lost a good deal of it in a fire that destroyed my house—and nearly me—but there are still two or three merry jingles that (so it seems to me) are too good to be lost to the world. For instance:

FOOTNOTE TO A FAMOUS POEM

Abou Ben Adhem loved his fellow men
And so his name in God's great book survives.
Dear Lord! I am unworthier than Ben,
Yet, write me down as one who loves their wives.

—Letter from G. M. A.

The Pennsylvania Terminal Book Shop is a quiet little cubbyhole on the south side of a vast, cavernous stone corridor. Here a young fellow—myself—used to sit night after night on a stool, studying his lessons for the next day, or absorbed in some old or new volume from the shop shelves. By tending this shop o' nights, he was earning his way through college.

Men and women of all kinds drifted into the shop—tycoons and office boys, great actresses and shopgirls, ex-Presidents and railroad porters. Each was drawn by the need, or the glamour, of books.

One day Theodore Roosevelt, hurrying past on his way to a train, dropped in and bought a detective story. Next day Woodrow Wilson, then his rival for the Presidency, dropped in—and asked for a detective story.

"Well," said the bookseller, "this one was bought by Mr. Roosevelt yesterday."

"I'll take it," said Mr. Wilson. "It must be good!"

—Gove Hambidge, in the *Book Dial,* published by the Doubleday Doran Book Shops.

There will flow from this depression an energy of reform and reconstruction in our institutions. I believe this energy will last perhaps for a decade and that it will carry us to forms of social control which now we only dimly apprehend.—Walter Lippmann, N. Y. *Herald Tribune,* Jan. 3, 1933.

"That novel didn't seem to me so much as a good clean slice of life."

"Life doesn't come in slices. It crumbles."

—*Dialogues of Two Quercus.*

Few painters or plastic artists ever trouble to verbally formulate their inner compulsions. It is not for them to exhibit consciousness in terms of words, but in terms of paint. The artist who has a facility in words very frequently has a compensating disqualification in his paint. . . . There is indeed an almost universal mistrust of this literary element among artists—an instinctive feeling that too cold-blooded a consciousness is a vulgar, almost a morbid, manifestation. . . . To all artists explanation of themselves is a sort of vulgarisation, and however great the vanity gratification, a slight sense of shame strikes through the warm human glow. —Will Dyson, in *The New English Weekly* (June 15).

Unexpected brevity seldom embarrasses an editor.—*To Our Reviewers* (a memorandum for critics by the Editor of the *S. R. L.*).

The more I see of the Englishman the more bewildered I become. They're the kindliest souls in the world, but if they see anything beautiful flying in the air or running along the ground, they rush for a gun and kill it. . . . You can do pretty nearly anything you like to a stag or a fox. That's sport. But you stand up and say you approve of bull-fights, and see what happens to you!—A. G. Macdonell, *England, Their England.*

The first complete translation into any modern language of the *Geography* of Ptolemy, who worked at Alexandria 1700 years ago . . . this sumptuous volume, published by the New York Public Library . . . only 250 copies. . . . Ptolemy exaggerates the extent of the habitable world, the length of the Mediterranean, the size of Taprobane (Ceylon), and, worst of all, he encloses the Indian Ocean, by joining southeastern Asia to southern Africa, a mistake of far-reaching influence, since it sadly retarded modern efforts to reach the Indies by circumnavigating Africa.—Dr. W. W. Hyde, in University of Pennsylvania *Library Chronicle.*

"Why doesn't someone write a deteck, with the villain known from the beginning, but the victim not until the end."

So says Mr. William H. Allen, the excellent bookseller of 3345 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, in one of the brisk and penetrating little notes he sprinkles through his catalogues.—A good idea; but while he's waiting for it, try that sinister story, *Before the Fact,* by Francis Iles, which very nearly fills this requirement.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Powerful Katrinka

GAMBLER'S WIFE: The Life of Malinda Jenkins as Told in Conversations to Jesse Lilienthal. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

AS a flash announcing this book the full title is necessary. The story is the autobiography of Malinda Jenkins with Mr. Lilienthal functioning simply as the scribe. During the production process Malinda was living in Chula Vista, California—half way between San Diego and the border, and convenient to the trace-track across the line in Mexico. For Malinda gambled in horses as in husbands, while the weakness of Jenky (her third and last running-mate) was cards. She was born Plunkett; fiction could supply no more fetching name than this; and the course of events domestic, social, and business, from the time of Malinda Plunkett in her Indiana maidenhood before the Civil War to that of Malinda Jenkins at eighty in Southern California in her final widowhood (an estate, she would admit, subject to change nevertheless), provides a theme to fit.

Malinda therefore had a story to tell. Through twenty-five years she prepared to tell it. Then the lucky number turned up, and there arrived Mr. Lilienthal who not only was looking for someone with such a life story to tell but was sensible enough to let the subject do all the telling. Malinda, however, would not term this luck. For as she remarks among her other shrewd philosophies: "Did you ever notice it's the thinking people mostly has the good luck?" The snapshot of her sitting in a chair out on the lawn characterizes her at once. There can be no doubt of her as the person in the chronicle. Her first husband was Willy Page, a lazy wastrel, but she was fond of him. Her second husband was Mr. Chase, handsome, elderly, and competent save for periodical lapses by reason of the jug, and she was fond of him, too. Her third husband, of whom she was most fond, was Jenky; and she and Jenky pursued fortune from Texas to the Klondike and back to California, with poker, real estate, boarding tables, ranching, and horses as the family vocations. "Some woman," her grandson declares, citing her to Mr. Lilienthal. And as "some story"—moreover a meaty, active, thoroughly good-humored story—her history of eighty years renders out.

Edwin L. Sabin is the author of a large number of books, fiction and non-fiction, bearing on the personalities and events of the opening of the West.

Family Life

(*Continued from first page*)

last year of war and the first two of so-called peace; to the *res angusta domi* of a country doctor; to lack of companionship; to hard work; to the abandonment of literary ambitions, above all, to her husband and her three children.

The story is carried down to the present, when the generation that grew to manhood in 1914-18 is on the threshold of middle age, and the new generation that knows the war years only by hearsay is growing to adulthood. Catherine, disillusioned like the rest of her generation, has yet, by sheer power of loving and an endowment of native sense, arrived at an equipoise: "After all, none of us want very much. Security. A living wage. Hope for our children." But the children had thrashed out their own philosophy of life: "You see," says one of them to Catherine, "you all expected a lot," and Catherine reflects: "They will be happier than we were. They expect less."

This note of disillusionment is not quite the final one of the book. There are a couple of concluding sentences which the individual reader must interpret for himself, and which give, with the author's customary fine economy of expression, the clue to her purpose.

Personally, I have no hesitation in describing this book as in many ways the most remarkable, and one of the best written, that I have read in a long time.

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Whites Against Reds in Russia

THE WHITE ARMIES OF RUSSIA. By George Stewart. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $4.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE history of the White Armies of Russia, including the counter-revolutionary forces sent by the Allies, opens out a canvas almost as huge as that of the Great War itself. It stretches all the way from Archangel to the Black Sea and from the Ukraine to Vladivostok. The tragic story which played itself out in that enormous area is, in the nature of things, curiously complex and insusceptible to easy dramatizing or generalization.

The armies of the West Front, for instance, have the clarity of prize-fighters in a roped ring. Such phrases as "the French," "the Germans," call up clearly-understood entities — gladiators whose personalities are universally known, who stood up in the same spot, so to speak, and fought it out for four long years. The labels of the Russian White forces carry no such connotations. Sometimes they were armies, in the ordinary understanding of the word; occasionally banditti, or guerilla bands fighting forward because they couldn't stay where they were. They were without king or country, except for that Russia of the future on the character of which no two could agree. Intransigent monarchists, peasant soldiers who were yet to turn on their officers, ragged *mouzhiks* rounded up from the countryside, were herded under the same flag. All lived and suffered in a miasma of post-Armistice disillusionment, of moral and political uncertainty. The tide of the time was against them and with their Red enemies. They had to fight not only the latter but the growing suspicion and discontent in the country over which they had passed and in their own ranks.

Whenever the Allies enter, the tale grows more turgid and complicated. Sometimes Allied help was given for obviously commercial reasons, sometimes because of the difficulty of stopping abruptly the momentum of their own vast war machines. They disagreed with each other; raised hopes, then dashed them; delivered materials with important parts missing—lorries without gasoline, for instance—were unable always to get support at home for promises made in the field. In the North, they fought Bolsheviks although no war on Soviet Russia had been declared; in the Far East, the American commander was accused of being pro-Bolshevik because of his attempts to maintain the politically "correct" attitude prescribed by his own Government.

Such a situation as that in Esthonia during the advance of the ill-fated Judenitch Army was typical. The Esthonians themselves were anti-Bolshevik in so far as any invasion of their own country by the Russian Reds was concerned, but as enthusiastic nationalists they had no love for the Russian Whites, and once Judenitch's army was crushed, showed its survivors scant mercy. The British was anti-Bolshevik, but not to the extent of using the German troops then available. And Von der Goltz, who was ready to fight the Bolsheviks, was both anti-Russian and anti-Esthonian in so far as he hoped to strengthen the Germanic character of the Baltic provinces and the tie between the Germanic Balts—who had hitherto dominated the Baltic region socially and economically—and Germany. You can scarcely take up any one of the White armies without going into a similar explanation of criss-cross relationships and counter-purposes.

With a canvas so vast and material so complex, anything like dramatic unity is all but out of the question. The reader will not expect, therefore, to find in Dr. Stewart's book—some four hundred pages, with photographs and excellent maps—a flowing story, with a beginning, middle, and end, as if one were writing of the Gallipoli Adventure, for instance. What the author gives is a straightforward, factual account, with names, dates, and places, the different fronts and their activities taken up in turn, in roughly chronological order.

His record begins with the fall of the Czar and the rise of the Volunteer Army, and continues through the various stages of the Civil War—Denikin, Yudenitch, Kolchak, Wrangel, the Far East, with suitable reference to the activities of the Allies and to secondary leaders, such as, for example, the notorious Semyonov. In its last poisonous phases, the Russian Civil War was frightful enough. Quarter was rarely either given or asked. Its Siberian chapters, with Red, White, and political mavericks of all sorts inextricably mixed, and the whole tragedy played out in a chaos of starvation, typhus, and incredible brutality, is one of the most hideous of history's pages.

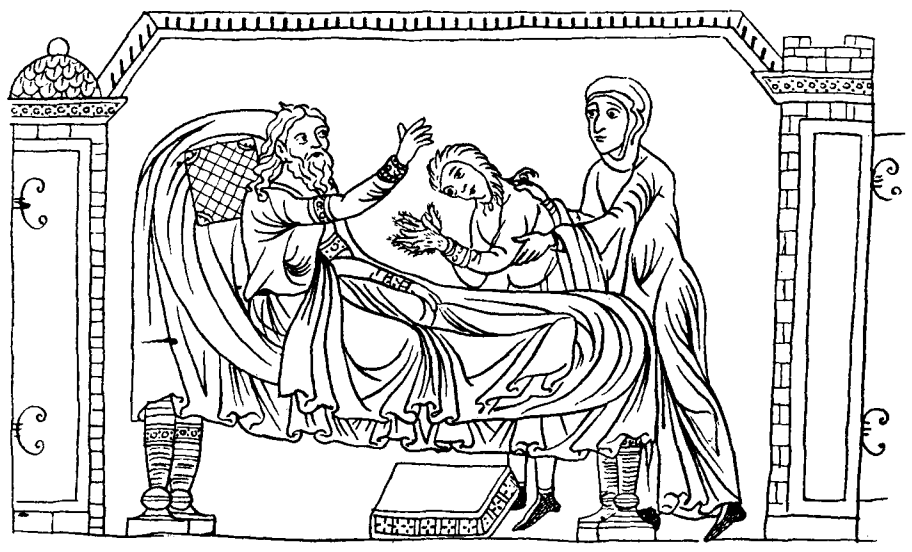
Dr. Stewart wastes no words in mere color, but sticks to his straight story of the objective facts, with calmness, good judgment and admirable fairness. Those looking for "thrills" will not find them here, except by implication, and in any case the emotional sides of the picture are already available, piecemeal, in various books of memoirs and in records of personal experience told in fictional or semi-fictional form. His work, the first attempt to give something like a complete picture of the many forlorn attempts to overthrow the Bolsheviks, represents a tremendous amount of research and winnowing.

Medieval Drama

THE DRAMA OF THE MEDIEVAL CHURCH. By Karl Young. Two volumes. Oxford University Press. 1933. $17.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE BROCKWAY

THE modern drama, so richly varied in form and content even its most sterile season, is commonly supposed to descend from the dramatic pieces used by the Roman Catholic Church in Western Europe as additions to the mass and canonical office. Karl Young, Professor of English in Yale University, after a series of preliminary monographs published at leisurely intervals during the last twenty-five years, offers what is essentially a *corpus* of these dramatic texts. It may be said, parenthetically, that the two sumptuous volumes conform physically to those high standards which make the desire to own Oxford books a defensible kind of snobbism.



ISAAC AND JACOB, from the Hortus Deliciarum of Harrad of Landsberg ("The Drama of the Medieval Church")

Mark Pattison once wrote, "It is not a knowledge, but a discipline, that is required; not science, but the scientific habit; not erudition, but scholarship." Professor Young's is one of those rare books that truly illuminate Pattison's apothegm. That is to say, it reveals a disciplined mind working scientifically, using its chosen method resiliently, and, finally, showing its special marvel of the medieval world as neatly intact as a sliver of fruit in aspic.

"The Drama of the Medieval Church" is the "actual writings of the ecclesiastical playwrights, accompanied by the means for interpreting them." It is, in fact, a *corpus* and its gloss set between significant introductory material and conclusions, together with bulky notes and a generous bibliography. A brief introduction disposes of any possible preconception that Hrotsvitha and the classical tradition in the Middle Ages, mime, and the mummers' play, are associated with the dramatic pieces of the Church. The opening chapters analyze the mass and canonical office "solely for those concerned with dramatic literature." An examination of the "dramatic elements inherent in the authorized liturgy itself"—such as the Burial of Cross and Host, the Harrowing of Hell, and certain seasonal observances—shows that these ceremonies, though "sometimes of a sort readily capable of transformation into drama," rely too slightly on impersonation to be considered other than "examples of symbolism."

With liturgical ceremonies excluded as symbolic and re-creative rather than dramatic and representational, Professor Young declares that "the effectual beginnings of medieval religious drama are to be found . . . in certain deliberate, and perhaps unsanctioned literary additions to the authorized liturgical text." These additions, called tropes, originated in the late Carolingian Renaissance. The trope *Quem quæritis,* preceding the introit of the Easter mass, is preserved in a manuscript of the early tenth century from the monastery of St. Gall. Adapted freely from the Gospel accounts of the Resurrection, this brief dialogue seems to be the ultimate germ of the Easter plays.

These plays, developed between the tenth and thirteenth centuries, may have ranged over the whole extent of Biblical history, though examples from the Old Testament are rare. Most of them use episodes from the life of Christ, especially the Nativity and Resurrection. Other plays treat the conversion of St. Paul, the life of the Virgin, and the legends of St. Nicholas. A dramatization of the Last Judgment makes effective use of the eschatological commonplaces of the medieval world. Some of these plays were inextricably attached to the liturgy. Most of them, however, were deliberate additions to the liturgical structure and, therefore, easily detachable. While some plays reveal a patchwork of liturgical fragments, passages from the Bible, and verses "composed imaginatively," the more elaborate pieces have real dramatic autonomy.

The literary efflorescence represented by these texts must be considered, not as the continuation of any existing tradition, but as a product of the Roman Catholic Church, born within its temple and slain (in a very protracted way) by its own injunctions. "With a readiness which is perhaps unparalleled, therefore, the Latin drama of the Church lends itself to treatment in isolation," affirms the author (the terminology—a pathologist's—has a certain exquisite aptness). With this specific, complete excrescence on the liturgy to examine, Professor Young has chosen the descriptive method. One of his few concessions to the historical method is to admit the trope *Quem quæritis* as the point of departure. He points out that proceeding from the simple to the complex probably follows the historical order.

"The Drama of the Medieval Church" is a difficult book. The texts are in Latin, and even a decent classicist must have constant recourse to the admirable manuals of Nunn and of Plater and White. (It is easy to believe that the admonishing voice which said to Jerome, *"Ciceronianus es,"* was that of a practical joker.) It is, then, a treatise primarily for the specialist, and the lay reader, though admiring the austerity of treatment and the chasteness of method, is inclined to yearn for the fleshpots of correlation and mixed methods. This desire, however, yields to deeper acquaintance.

Since Professor Young has permitted himself few generalizations, the reader is bound to establish the peculiar significance of his work. First, as a *corpus,* it fills a large gap in the continuity of dramatic history. Its evidence, too, of a widespread, vigorous drama of the Church tends to confirm the conventional idea of a "God-intoxicated" medieval world. It is not extravagant to say that a work of these dimensions invalidates, however slightly, our picture of medieval civilization, even if it merely intensifies the accepted picture by shifting the emphasis. The problem of relating these sacred *ludi* to the culture of the Middle Ages Professor Young leaves to the intuitional mind — to the historian of civilization.

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Wallace Brockway is editing the journals of Eugene Delacroix for publication in the Fall. He has written for various publications on art, music and archæology.

Einsteinian Versus Newtonian Physics

TIME, MATTER, AND VALUES. By Robert Andrews Millikan. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. $1.

Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY

THIS interesting and stimulating little book has two sides. The author, as a Noble Prize winner, deals in masterly fashion with the latest discoveries in science, but besides time and matter, he has values as a problem and is here obliged to take up religion. There three lectures were given at the University of North Carolina under the conditions of a bequest "to prove the existence and attributes, as far as may be, of God from nature, the lectures to be performed by a member of some one of the Evangelic denominations of Christians."

On the scientific side, Dr. Millikan, after pointing out the inaccuracies of all time measurements, shows how even the Renaissance certainty as to the absoluteness of time has been upset. Here arises modern scientific relativity, for the new nineteenth century discoveries, as the author quaintly observes, began to raise seriously the question as to whether the Mad Hatter was not right when he attributed at bottom variable, even whimsical, qualities to time.

The subject of relativity is more or less of a fashionable fad, but it is the theory of quanta that has given time the worst beating, since through Planck's "*h*" units, which are as yet too profound to be fashionable, there arises the so-called Heisenberg principle of uncertainty.

It is at this point that Millikan leaves the new ideas about matter and indulges in metaphysics. He appears to think that the erratic behavior of a particular electron, or atom, or light-quant allows one to believe that they have free will. They act in almost human fashion, for it is difficult to know which way they are going to jump. From the philosopher's point of view, Millikan may be right in saying that the old-fashioned scientific determinism was merely a convenient working hypothesis and that the crude materialism derived from the Newtonian physics may be unsound. Nevertheless, he grants that the laws that govern the interaction of large bodies are just as valid now for large bodies as they ever were. In other words, for the macrocosm, or world of large bodies, the old views are right, but for the microcosm, or world of small bodies, they do not work. In experimental physics, dealing with the almost infinitesimal, the principle of uncertainty pops up, and we can no longer assume absolute length and absolute time.

Having done with new ideas about time and new ideas about matter, the author turns to new ideas about values, arguing that "there must be Something in the universe which gives significance and meaning, call it value if you will, to exist even, and no such sense of value can possibly be in mere lumps of dead matter interacting according to purely mechanical laws." It is hard to follow this line of reasoning, for it seems like a return to primitive thinking, when, as Millikan says, nature is regarded as essentially capricious. Hence there is a certain lack of logic in his bringing up the name of Newton as one who believed that God is immanent in nature, for the argument of the seventeenth century physicist was that with the discovery of celestial mechanics, there was a proof of a Celestial Mechanician. The author further goes on to argue that "this universal frame is not without a mind" by bringing up the names of Franklin, Faraday, Kelvin, Maxwell, Raleigh, Eddington, and Jeans, but makes no distinction between the old physicists of the macrocosm and the new of the microcosm, the old being those who argued for predictability, and the new favoring unpredictability. The case is finally weakened by special pleading in accordance with the conditions of the lectureship. Thus Millikan confesses that only a minority of distinguished scientists in "Who's Who in America" report themselves as church members, yet hopes that as the older group disappears, the coming years may be expected to show increasing rather than decreasing relations between scientists and the churches.

Maurice O'Sullivan, whose first book, "Twenty Years A-Growing," was reviewed from the Gaelic in this paper last week, is a member of the Irish Civic Guard, and is stationed in the West of Ireland. His novel will be published in translation by the Viking Press.

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The First Reviews

"To read this book is to realize that we have again an authentic novel of the soil. Just as Louise, city bred, discovers the joys of a stranger's return, so the reader, no less content, knows again the pleasure of a genuine American novel, deeply rooted in our own tradition, that portrays real people. For Phil Stong has followed "State Fair" with a book that is as sincere and as convincing as that justly popular work. This one is more direct, more simply motivated, than his previous book, and perhaps, for that reason, even more successful."
—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

"It is the old story of liking people who like people. Phil Stong likes his people, likes them enormously, and makes us like them too. And he likes the land they live on, and makes us feel that also . . . It is a tale rich in humor, a rib-tickling piece of comedy, with a dash of bitters. As entertainment it deserves a high place on the summer's reading list."
—N. Y. TIMES

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The New Books

Biography

DE VALERA. By Denis Gwynn. Dutton. 1933. $2.50.

Denis Gwynn, who is responsible for a life of Roger Casement and a factual study of the Irish Free State, here presents the life of the present head of the Free State government. De Valera, as he describes his peculiar career, is revealed as the man known both to his friends and his enemies; a man without fear or rancor, implacable and uningratiating, as incapable of taking advice as of surrendering his own point of view either to threats or suasion. How that point of view has developed from de Valera's obscure beginnings, in the tortuous mazes of Irish history since the 1916 insurrection, Mr. Gwynn sets forth accurately, but with an evident—and very natural—bias against de Valera. To the American reader this story is a picture of almost medieval politics, with sudden death, desertion, betrayal, or execution, from whatever hand, as the inevitable end of all the leaders whose joint efforts have produced the Irish Free State. To the Irishman the outstanding feature of de Valera's character, for good or evil, is his indomitable will, a singlemindedness directed towards one end, which can be compared only to that of Parnell—the only other Irish leader who, for that very reason, baffled the English. Unlike Parnell, de Valera is an ascetic, a mystic of nationalism, a species of modern Savonarola. While uncertain as to the outcome of his régime, Mr. Gwynn concedes, as most Irishmen do, that de Valera's policies may well result perforce in a self-supporting Ireland, such as has been the dream of all Irish economists. In a world of the strangest economic changes this end may be achieved, as may other ideals, or immense disaster may ensue. Mr. Gwynn wisely refrains from prophecy.

EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS. The Autobiography of A. A. Anderson. Macmillan. 1933. $3.

An air of the walnut-furniture-and-bustle period hovers over Colonel Anderson's book, and naturally enough, for in the New York in which the Forty-second Street Reservoir which his father helped to build stood, where the Public Library now stands, his oddly versatile personality, if not exactly monumental, was decidedly "among those present."

Anderson had money, and he was known as an American painter who had enjoyed some success in Paris where he had lived for a number of years. Paris was still Paris, the city of light and center of "art" when he first went there. Ladies of incredible beauty and *chic* drove through the Bois in open victorias, the Latin Quarter was still the home of romance, and armies of aspiring young painters turned out odalisques, Arabian horsemen, and accurately drawn genre compositions telling some sentimental and frequently rather tearful story. Anderson painted a picture of a girl in a nightgown sitting up in a canopied French bed reading a newspaper report of her successful *début* of the evening before. It was entitled "The Morning After the Ball," and Braum & Co., the artist's publishers, assured him that they sold more prints of it than of any other picture in that year's Salon. Anderson once saw a photograph of the Russian Empress's boudoir, and there on the wall was a print of "The Morning After the Ball"!

After his Paris days, during which he was active in organizing the American Artists' Association, he painted portraits of Edison, Bishop A. Cleveland Cox and other well-known Americans. But "art," looking back now from his eighty-sixth year, was scarcely more than an avocation for this active and economically independent American. He built the Beaux Arts Studio Building in New York, was made Chairman of Mayor John Purroy Mitchell's Traffic Commission, was one of the charter members of the Aero Club of America, and flew for several months all over Texas in the interests of aviation. He, who had been taken as a boy to call on President Lincoln, knew Theodore Roosevelt well, and his wide acquaintance included such diverse figures as Admiral Peary and Buffalo Bill, Amundsen and the Prince of Monaco. Moreover, "home" was even more his ranch in Wyoming than it was New York.

"Palette Ranch" started as a practical ranch and became a dude ranch in the sense that the Colonel added to it a golf course and everything to make city guests comfortable. President Roosevelt appointed him Superintendent of the Yellowtsone Forest Reserve, and as such he had to fight for a time the sheep-men who couldn't get used at first to such new-fangled notions. The latter half of the book is largely made up of hunting and camping experiences of which the Colonel had plenty.

LETTERS OF COURTSHIP BETWEEN JOHN TORR AND MARIA JACKSON: 1838-43. *Edited by E. F. Carritt. Oxford University Press.* 1933. $2.50.

There are tears in the spectacle of two souls beating around the bush in a matter that requires a simple question and answer only. But the thing is called courtship and, sad or not, has a way of being charming. Of these two lovers the male, John Torr, is decidedly uneconomical with his vocabulary; the girl, Maria Jackson, all that she should be, and patient. They are Victorian, but the business proceeds quite as systematically as in earlier days or as at present; the terminology only is encased in the years 1838-43.

The couple were cousins, John three years older than Maria; they married when the former was twenty-five, after nearly ten years of courtship; shortly after their third anniversary Maria died, leaving two children. In the letters are revealed a charming girl and not inexpert letter writer, and the usual boy, rather unworthy of her in ways not commonplace. The outside world is delicately though slightly reflected; the inner world apparent, but chastened by a wardrobe of verbiage, in her case at least quite pretty. The drama lies in the indirectness of the exchange. They do not love—that is reserved for the future—but they talk about love and about themselves; they both read Byron and Bulwer; the girl is Tory and Church of England, the boy Liberal and Unitarian; he wrote to her "That you personally received any pleasure from another's kisses I never, even before receiving your assurance to the contrary, for a moment thought." One constantly pities them. Though they are not suffering, they are not enjoying, and time passes and demands the pity. What will possibly justify these long years of superficial test and explanation? When the moment of justification comes, what will be their private and unsharable thoughts? It will take years of domestic and intimate commonplace to give it all significance, and in three years Maria is dead.

SOCRATES. By A. E. Taylor. Appleton-Century 1933. $2.

Socrates was a hardy old soldier, who had endured frozen trenches and fought coolly in battles, and who kept plugging along like a bulldog when the army was forced to retreat. He was built like a bulldog. Big, husky shoulders, and a snub-nosed honest face. He was also an argumentative man who was interested in moral ideas.

Because of his moral ideas he has been written about by philosophers, rather than by fellow-fighters. Yet there was nothing fancy about his kind of thought. He had a powerful mind that dug deep into the heart of an argument, and he never was satisfied until he reached a blunt, forceful answer. He didn't think he was a wise man except in one respect: he did see that it was the simplest things which fooled people worst, and that everyone needed to get some of these straightened out.

His other strong point was that he didn't like to sit in a study and formulate principles, he loved to work them out by having mental tussles with people he met in the street. And instead of merely living by his principles in quiet seclusion, which is the safe course that so many high thinkers adopt, Socrates shouldered his way with his into the market-place and lived by them there, which resulted at last in his having to die for them too.

Nobody wanted him to die. The big politicians wanted to get rid of him, because he kept showing them up, but banishment would have met their requirements. He felt that it didn't meet his. He wasn't going to surrender and go off into exile to please them. So this uncouth and plain-thinking hero stuck to his guns and drank hemlock.

This book is an able assembling and sifting of all the facts about Socrates, but

(*Continued on page* 709)

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ON VARIOUS VERSE

VARIOUS matters and sundry have been accumulating since *The Phœnix Nest* was necessarily given over to a brief history of the *Review*. For one thing I have received a good deal of verse, both light and serious; and I think this a propitious time to make entirely clear to my kind contributors the position of *The Phœnix Nest* in regard to unsolicited manuscript.

I am always glad to receive verse that I may be allowed to use in *The Nest*, but at the present time, owing to the fact that certain weeks are set aside by *The Nest* for the exclusive reviewing of contemporary poetry, and that at other times I have a good many topics coming up for discussion, it is not possible for me to use more than a tithe of such material. Nor am I able to make use of it with any degree of promptitude. I have now in my desk-drawer a sheaf of verse by various hands, which has come into me during the past month. As the opportunity offers I shall use some of it, but I cannot state exactly when. Naturally, verse addressed to *The Phœnix Nest* receives no renumeration when printed, a fact tacitly understood by most of my contributors.

Joseph Lewis French, that maker of many anthologies, sent me sometime ago the following lines addressed to my honored but temporarily absent editor-in-chief. His sonnet runs as follows:

TO HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Clear-eyed and calm, thou see'st that the years
Have wrought the verdict of the days that be,
That we have bought with too much liberty
This boon of altars stained with blood and tears,
That freedom and the recompense of fears
Are but the weakling's boast, the lordling's fee,
Our lordlings of the mart, the land, the sea,
Whose shrine is where the Golden Idol leers.

Come promises of peace, come hope's fair wile.
These are mirages in thy vision clear.
The effigies of usurers that beguile
With honied words alike the slave, the seer.
Thou, like a banner 'midst this western gale,
Canst read God's message: "thus republics fail"!

And, speaking of poetry, comes this from Michigan State Normal College, at Ypsilanti, an announcement of "Poems of Science" by *William Pallister*, with a comment by the head of the Order Department of the Library that the advertising of this book has disturbed her. The idea, sponsored by the Playford Press, of 11 West 42nd Street, this city, and used by Mr. Pallister, is the turning of scientific facts into verse, in order apparently to make them less dull and more easily memorized. The publishers have collected testimonials from many quarters, among them one from *Professor William Lyon Phelps*.

I think the Librarian at Ypsilanti need not be too greatly disturbed. Naturally, Mr. Pallister's verses are not poems. Poetry isn't written that way. But casting the facts of science into verse may help certain inky school-boys to memorize a little better than they would otherwise. Here, for instance, is Homo Sapiens:

It still has the backbone of some big fish,
The hand of the frog and the monkey's wish,
The same craving stomach of ancient hog,
The same strange emotion of hunting dog.
But it now has the voice of the recent me,
Buoyant and eager, swift and free.

To be sure, I feel that Mr. Pallister is not much of a versifier: I recall an old book entitled "Mother Truth's Melodies" which was written by a person with no sense of humor, who thought all the nonsense should be taken out of Mother Goose and valuable information substituted. Some of it was grand! One lyric went—how was it?—

Hey-diddle, diddle,
The sun's in the middle
And Mercury's next to the sun,
While Venus so bright,
By day and by night,
Comes next to join in the fun!

But seriously, I think Mr. Pallister's got hold of a swell idea for a school textbook—only I cannot honestly say that his execution does full justice to his idea.

HOW WRITERS WORK

It seems that recently *Charles Hanson Towne* remarked, probably in the *New York American*, "The best way to write is—to write . . . the professional writer sits down at his desk at a certain hour each day, and does his work exactly as anyone else does." *Florence Ryerson* pondered that, out on Glendon Way in South Pasadena, California. (You remember Miss Ryerson as part owner of the now famous dachshund *Freda von Schattenhof*, who has been publicized in the *Nest* before this, even to the extent of a spirited pencil-sketch of self and progeny!) Miss Ryerson pondered it and sent me the following poem about it, which I am printing to keep up my spirits—for I am one of those awful people who are always intending to keep regular hours for writing—and never doing it. As I said a few years ago, I am one of the Last Minute Men. If I have any work contracted for I cannot get steamed up about it until the headsman actually stands above me! But let Miss Ryerson speak:

CREDAT JUDÆUS APELLA!

Oh, put me under lock and key,
Allow no soul to pass my door,
Drape every pane where I might see
The outer world, and rivet me
On to my desk. Then let me be—
A lonely hour or more.
Returned, you'll find I've scribbled rhymes,
Re-read an ancient London Times,
I've piled the logs beside the fire,
I've poked the blaze and built it higher,
I've cleaned the inkstand and desk drawers,
Filled fountain pens, oiled closet doors,
I've dusted furniture and books,
I've shifted chairs and put up hooks.
Straightened pictures, rugs, and vases,
Mended cushions, socks, and laces,
Sorted notes, and pasted clippings,
Watered plants, and mopped the drippings,
Changed the collars on two sweaters,
Written checks, and notes, and letters
On my novel, what is done?
Just the title, and "Page One."

ABOUT ART YOUNG

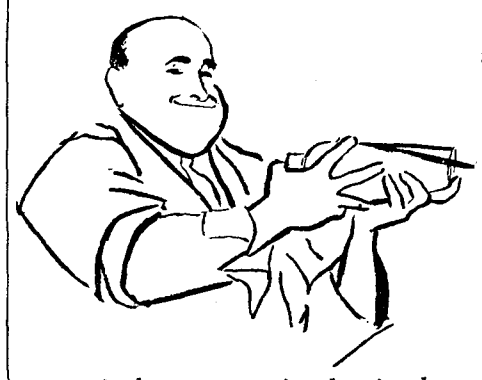
That fine old humanist—in the real sense—*Art Young*, really needs no word of mine to commend him. His autobiography, "On My Way," received encomia, when it was published, from *Heywood Broun, John Haynes Holmes, Helen Keller, Carl Sandburg, Rose O'Neill, Lewis Gannett, Edgar Lee Masters, Harry Hansen, Burton Rascoe*, and many others. And you may possibly recall his book of 1890 called "Hell Up To Date." When I was a boy, somewhat later, I used to exult in the diabolical drawings he then did for *Life*. "Recently," writes Young recently, "I made another trip to the ancient abyss." He found the old Inferno still there, and opines that it is "owned and governed by industrial monarchs and bankers from the upper world." At any rate he is getting together his findings and we are likely to have another of his books on Hell in the near future. He has seen everything, he says,

> from the river Styx, where I talked with my old friend, Charon, to the last circle, and found conditions more terrible than they were when I first described them, and the oldest inhabitant told me they are now much worse than in mediæval times; worse for everybody, from the upper circles down to the depths.

Art says that more than forty years ago, out in Chicago, his favorite reading was an edition of Dante's "Inferno," illustrated by *Doré*. From my own youth I carry over a most vivid impression of those same Doré illustrations. Young became obsessed with the idea that Hell ought to be revisited. He wanted to see what changes there had been since *Dante* surveyed the scene in about 1300 A. D. All I can say is that Young's drawings are so intensely graphic that you can't forget them easily. And his pencil has lost none of its old cunning.

WHERE THE GARDEN'S COOL

I did my own revisiting the other evening, but it was to quite the opposite of Hell. I know a place in this great city, below Fourteenth Street, where there is a delightful garden restaurant in which to take dinner. To my mind it is one of the most satisfactory places in town. The proprietor may possibly be recognized by the



astute in the accompanying drawing done of him by a particularly talented member of his clientèle. He is my favorite dispenser of gastronomic hospitality. From time to time such literary figures have been observed in his demesne as *Ernest Boyd, William Seabrook*, and *Ward Greene*, though his customers are drawn from many walks of life. I don't know quite what he is doing with the milk-bottle in the picture, but I *do* know that the courtesy of old Italy is always present in his viny purlieu—I don't believe even *Dante* could have found fault with it. The table appointments are impeccable and the service suits one poet at least down to the ground!

The New Books

(*Continued from page 708*)

like most books about him it is written by a scholar for students, or for spectacled laymen. It is excellent stuff, for such readers. But it will disappoint others. They will toil through it sighing, "Here is Socrates buried again."

Miscellaneous

A SUSSEX PEEP-SHOW. By Walter Wilkinson. Stokes. 1933. $2.

A small but enthusiastic audience of select readers will find cause for regret, we are certain, when Mr. Wilkinson, that Punch and Judy master showman, exhausts English counties through which he may ply his barrowful of puppets. Perhaps he will then collect his coppers as he goes on the continent (where he has evidently already been), with performances of petit Guignol instead. This, his third book to be published over here, is laid in what is perhaps the most familiar section of fair countryside, save Surrey, in all of England. It is a book again like its predecessors, of little, pleasing adventures, which falls off somewhat by comparison with the Yorkshire Essays, and grows wearisome at times, however, sympathetic the reader, in its reiteration of the difficulties of being a vagabond in this machine age. Dull, too, are so many lengthy pæans to nature. But its homely philosophizing and quiet humor leave a wholesome taste behind.

Latest Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

Woodrow Wilson and His Work. W. E. Dodd. New York: Peter Smith. $3.50 net.

FICTION

The Duke Comes Back. L. Cary. Double. $1.75. *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lechs and Mrs. Aleshine.* F. R. Stockton. Appleton. *Rio Grande.* H. Ferguson. Knopf. $3.
The Transatlantic Ghost. D. Gardiner. Crime Club. $2. *Mystery of the Dead Police.* P. MacDonald. Crime Club. $2.

FOREIGN

La Révolution Russe. F. Grenard. Paris: Colin.

HISTORY

Beaver King and Cabins. C. L. Skinner. Macmil. $2.50. *A Bibliography of Aesthetics and of the Philosophy of the Fine Arts from* 1900-1932 .Compil. and ed. W. A. Hammond. Longmans. *The Cambridge History of the British Empire.* Vol. II. Part I. Australia. Macmil. $7. Part II. New Zealand. $3.50. *The Russo-Japanese Treaties of* 1907-1916. *Concerning Manchuria and Mongolia.* E. B. Price. Johns Hopkins. $1.75.

RELIGION

Communal Pietism Among Early American Moravians. J. J. Sessler. Holt. $3.50.
Protestant Home Missions to Catholic Immigrants. T. Abel. Institute of Social and Religious Research. $1. *Faith.* S. Means. Macmil. $2.50. *The Christian Renaissance.* G. W. Knight. Macmil.

SCIENCE

The Old Stone Age. M. C. Burkitt. Macmil. $2.50.

TRAVEL

Where East Is West. H. Leslie. Houghton. $4.50.

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ADVERSE

(61,774 Thursday)
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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

G. G. W., Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I am going to visit England and Scotland this summer and should like information about guidebooks that will recall the literary and historical associations of famous places." So also says F. R. K., Washington, D. C.

IN the same mail with this came a letter that had twice crossed the ocean, from Mr. J. G. Wilson, of John and Edward Bumpus the famous booksellers of Oxford Street, who has been an interested reader of this column's notions in the matter of travel literature. He told me of the opening of their "Britain in Books" exhibition with Mais, Morton, Street, Grace Hadow, Agnes Muir Mackenzie, and David Garnett, and Clough Williams-Ellis in the chair—a jolly affair. "My observation," says he, "is that the Travel Book is not purchased by customers as part of their baggage; it is a preliminary scouting or a record in comparison of what has taken place in their own journeying. It comes down to a question of compactness; that is why people going abroad invariably take a Guide Book proper. Perhaps one day the Guide Book and the Travel Book will blend to a greater extent than they do now, but it is always this question of handiness that decides the purchases. In this country there is a perfect blaze of Travel Books."

Fortunately for American travellers, who come in greater numbers after the middle of June, this exhibition at 350 Oxford Street is likely to remain for some weeks on view; the most practical advice I can give one intending to spend any time in the British Isles is to spend the first day of it in this rotunda. The first things he will notice will be the large watercolor maps of Great Britain and Ireland, on which appear in their proper locations the largest number of book titles yet noted on such charts, with authors' names and famous characters in other colors similarly placed. The reason for the large number of books is that they not only go back to stories of King Arthur but on as far as "The Good Companions," "Strawberry Roan," or 'Skerrett"; another is that visitors so cheerfully coöperate. Mr. W. B. Yeats had just located many a title on the Irish map, and even I found that I could testify that Pooh's house was in Ashdown Forest, for Mr. Milne once gave me his own snapshot of Christopher Robin emerging from it. I wish that these maps might one day be published; meanwhile they are rallying-points for the collections. These range round the rotunda in three broad tiers: a top line of county maps, some old, some the excellent five-shilling reprints being issued by the British Museum; under these, books arranged by counties, the Highways and Byways books, the County Guides, and all the local travel books in which the country is almost incredibly rich. Here, for instance, one finds "Afoot in Yorkshire," by Donald Boyd, and the others published by Alexander Maclehose for the enrichment of walkers; here are the "Little Guides" (Methuen) and the "Homeland Handbooks," shilling books of high value issued by the Homeland Association, 37 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, for a long list of towns and localities. Along with these are novels everyone reads before or after going to certain places, like "Lorna Doone" for Exmoor country or "Wuthering Heights" for Keighley moors. The lower tier is photographs, originals of those magnificent page-wide pictures in the *Times* of such scenes as the house in "Diana of the Crossways," Bomere, famous as the place of Mary Webb's "Precious Bane," or the Five Towns. Away on high, on the railing of the upper story, are set the posters of the L. N. E. R. showing a "Booklover's England." There is a table for books on domestic and ecclesiastical architecture, and such special guides as Ditchfield's "Cathedrals of Great Britain" (Dutton). Another table is given to camping and caravaning books, and there is a section on field study of nature from botany to star-gazing.

By this time it will have become clear why I do not print a standard list of preparatory books for American visitors to the British Isles without knowing the personal interests of the traveller; it would take far more space than this department has at its disposal. But some books should be in every library if the owner means to visit the British Isles. History, of course; Mowat's (Oxford) is compact and condensed but not dry; it makes a good basis for other books, and is not too large or heavy to read on a steamer! Architecture next: I might almost say it comes first for it takes history along with it. Bloxham's "Gothic Architecture," Rickman's "Gothic Architecture" (edited by J. H. Parker), and Parker's "Introduction to Gothic Architecture" will be invaluable in England. For the cottages that so charm the American eye by looking just like the pictures it had believed only fancy pictures, I know of nothing so pleasant as a richly illustrated little book published in the United States by Scribner, "The Villages of England," by A. K. Wickhand. It has a foreword by M. R. James, the famous ghost-story antiquarian who is Provost of Eton.

A general introduction such as H. V. Morton's "In Search of England" (Dodd, Mead), with his "In Search of Scotland" and like volumes for Ireland and Wales, will give a beginner an idea of the lay of the land and the variety of its interests: Mr. Morton has besides the rare gift of getting at the spirit of his subject and of helping his readers to see with sympathy. Another excellent guide of this nature is Mrs. Hughes's "America's England" (Morrow), for this has an unusually sound notion of what Americans really want to see — or could readily be induced to want. The "Highways and Byways" series (Macmillan) goes by counties, and the one you prefer should be read beforehand; every volume is detailed enough to take on the road, though of course they vary in pure readability.

By this time the intending traveller will have a clearer notion of what he wants most to see—at least to see first. One thing to note here: he will be greatly helped by keeping a notebook as he reads, and jotting down things he finds particularly interesting, things he would like to see; from these he can make a loose-leaf little book with a place to a page, a handmade personal guide most useful to take along. If at this stage he will write to me again, he will be introduced to books on his special subject, published in the United States. Indeed, by this time he will be having conferences with the staff of the local library.

The appropriate Blue Guide (Macmillan) should be purchased at the same time as the steamer ticket and savored on the way over. For a first trip "Great Britain" is admirable; it passes my comprehension how so much can be put into so small a space, even with India paper. I have tested it both extensively and intensively, and it has never let me down. If London is to be the center, as on a first trip it usually is, add the Blue Guide "London"; "England" is naturally somewhat more detailed than Great Britain." All the Blue Guides are strong on literary associations and even put book titles in the index.

Arriving in England, the railways coöperate by issuing beautifully illustrated free folders; the Ward-Lock county guides are at any stationer's and the Little Guides almost everywhere, while one should never despise local sixpenny handbooks or the twopenny leaflets on sale in many ancient churches—I only wish all vicars had antiquarian tastes and went in for printing. If walking is involved, maps are on sale in any stationer's, both the Ordnance Survey and Bartholomew's. At the Bumpus show there is a little adjoining room used by the Ordnance Service for a display of maps of every sort, including the new waterproof ones that may be opened in the rain. Here the sensation is the show of photographs from the air, in which prehistoric fields, forts, and foundations for ages invisible to the eye show out bright through growing crops or stretches of pasture. These ghostly thrillers were the sensation of last season at the London Museum.

H. E. S., Penn Yan, N. Y., asks the price and publisher of Victor D'Amico's "Theater Art." It was published in 1931 by the Manual Arts Press. $3.25. *L. M. B., Mobile Ala.*, asks for books about the island of Mallorca, Minorca, and the Azores. For a guide book, Muirhead's Blue Guide for "Northern Spain with the Balearic Islands" (Macmillan). For a travel book with a broad range, F. C. Chamberlain's "The Balearics and Their Peoples" (Dodd, Mead). H. C. Shelley's "Majorca" (Little, Brown) has an introduction by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Nina L. Duryea's "Mallorca the Magnificent" (Century) was one of the first books to start Americans in this direction; like Mr. Shelley's and Mr. Chamberlain's, it is fully illustrated. This part of the world is probably best known to us in general literature by Douglas Goldring's spirited "Gone Abroad" (Houghton, Mifflin), which appeared in 1925. If an extensive book-list is needed, "Some Notes in the Balearic Islands," by Thorvald Solberg (University of Chicago Press), has reference to bibliography.

E. B., Elida, Ohio, asks for outlines or suggestions for club study of French literature. This will of course be limited to the study of works available in English translation — but if anyone should be thereby led to read the chapter in my "Books as Windows" (Stokes), called "Reading a French Play," and thus discover how easy it is to get a singlehanded acquaintance with the language for reading purposes (not conversation), a reading course would be indefinitely and helpfully expanded.

Lytton Strachey's "Landmarks in French Literature" makes an admirable program base for the year. It is published by Holt in a library edition and also in the little Home University Library at a dollar. There is an "Outline History of French Literature," by H. S. Schwartz (Crofts), that would help program makers. For a general history for reading or reference George Saintsbury's "Short History of French Literature" (Oxford); his "Primer of French Literature" is published by the Oxford University Press for eighty-five cents, and Dutton publishes a "Primer of French Literature and History" for sixty-five.

For writers of our own time, Lalou's "Contemporary French Literature" (Knopf) covers a wide expanse. Fay's "Since Victor Hugo" (Little, Brown) should be added to this section, and if you get the four volumes of Anatole France's "On Life and Letters" (Dodd, Mead), you have a double return in criticism of other writers and creation on his own part. The latest full-length work with which I am familiar is "History of French Literature from Earliest Times to the Great War," by Nitze and Dargan (Holt), which I find most helpful for reference; the annual reports on French literature by Professor Schinz of the University of Pennsylvania will keep one completely up to date.

E. M., Lebanon Springs, N. Y., asks for a list of books for young people using the visit of Lafayette to this part of the country in 1825 as the basis of a program of creative activity. Any source of information about social conditions or economic events will be welcome. There is a little book for little children, "The Treasure in the Little Trunk," by Helen Fuller Orton (Stokes), that seems to me very nearly the ideal treatment of American history in a story for the American child. It is concerned with the ox cart journey of a Vermont family to the neighborhood of Lockport, New York, just before the opening of the Erie Canal—on which indeed the grandmother of the family makes a more comfortable flitting in the closing chapter. The details are documented with a care and I cannot too highly praise for children are so at the mercy of historical fiction for lasting first impressions that a special responsibility is laid upon writers for them. Mrs. Orton's book brings in so much of the social life of the time that the Newark Museum recently placed on view an illustrative group of wall-cases containing actual objects of furniture, weapons, household utensils, and so on, each of which was rapturously identified by its young visitors. Above all, it is offered to children at an age young enough to be really interested in something before they were born; one would think that writers of historical fiction had never realized that the teens is a time of life ferociously contemporary.

For older readers, however, there is the large and valuable record, "With Lafayette in America," by Octavia Roberts (Houghton Mifflin), which is profusely illustrated with old prints. Jeanette Eaton's brilliant "Young Lafayette" (Houghton Mifflin) closes with his first visit, but "General Lafayette's Visit to Pittsburgh in 1825" was the subject of an article in the *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine*, volume 8, 1925. It is taken for granted that this group knows of Brand Whitlock's fine biography, "Lafayette" (Appleton: two volumes).

B. B. H., Sheffield, Pa., asks for a book published within the last five years, similar in treatment to J. P. Mahaffy's "Rambles and Studies in Greece," emphasizing the historical and archaeological aspects of the country rather than the scenic. "Wanderings in Greece," by F. S. Burnell (Longmans), which has illustrations and maps, was published in 1931; Sir James G. Fraser's "Studies in Greek Scenery, Legend and History" (Macmillan), had a new edition in 1931. There is a revised edition of Professor Van Hook's "Greek Life and Thought" (Columbia University Press), which though not a travel book makes an inspiring beginning for travel.

FRANK M. CHAPMAN, our greatest authority on North American birds, writes: "I must express my appreciation of your comment on Lord Grey's "Twenty-Five Years" in your issue of last week. I wonder how many reviewers have spoken of the spiritual character of this work? I have sent this number to him, for I know that what you have said will please him. We are now making [at the American Museum of Natural History, 77th Street and Central Park West, N. Y.] a bird group showing a scene in the New Forest, on the route over which Lord Grey took Colonel Roosevelt in June, 1910. In about ten days it will be ready for examination." This means that it is open now.

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by A. G. MACDONELL

With a Foreword by

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News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

CONNECTICUT

Elise R. Noyes, manager of the Stamford Bookstore, Stamford, Conn., propounds an insoluble riddle in verse. What does Echo Answer from Old Lyme, Sherman, New Milford, Westport, the Stratford home of *James and Lenore Marshall*, the *Joe and Lena Wilkinson* farm at East Haddam, the Windsor home of the late *Edward Rowland Sill*, the Berkshire melon belt of *Lewis Gannet*, the farm country of *Hal* and *Margaret White*, the retreat of *William Troy*, and the place where *Leonard Cline* used to live, to these quatrains?:—

We read the "Newses from the States"
From Mississippi and from Mon-
Tana, Vermont and Idaho,—
Why is there *never* news from Conn?

Mitchell and Kronich, Mercy Boyd,
Margaret Bailey, F. P. A.,
Booksellers, Authors, Columnists,—
Haven't you *anything* to say?

Why can't the state of *Eli Yale,*
Of *Twain*, and *Billy Phelps* and *Tunney,*
Turn in some literary dope,
As good as any,—and as funny?

MARYLAND

Berry Barcuse, whose hobbies include beer, turtles, and *Thomas Beddoes*, has turned his uncontaminated eyes on the literary scene provided by the Maryland Free State. We are certain his eyes are uncontaminated, for he has succeeded in writing a Maryland letter (and from Baltimore) with no mention of *H.L.Mencken*. This does not mean that he is not privileged to spy upon Mr. Mencken's activities for a future Baltimore installment. Here goes for his present news:

There has just come from the press of *Henry Harrison* an anthology of "Maryland Poets" containing verse by native Marylanders and also by writers who have found the state conducive to meditation with the muse. *Miss Marie Croker*, in her introduction, recalls that "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Maryland, My Maryland" are known most everywhere as two of the finest of war songs. *Edgar A. Poe* is there, as well as *William Pinckney*, and *Sidney Lanier*, who composed his best work in Baltimore. It is regrettable, however, that *Lizette Woodward Reese*, who writes so graciously of our local seasons, is not included. Miss Reese, so rumor has it, is trying her hand for the first time on detective fiction.

Although the state is rich in contemporary resident writers, there seem to be two or three good reasons for "foreign" authors to visit us: (1) A lecture engagement—*Martha D. Bianchi*, niece of that profound elf of American letters, *Emily Dickinson*, charmed us recently with childhood reminiscence of her famous aunt; (2) Sales promotion for one's latest book—*Grand Duchess Marie* held an autographing party at a large Baltimore department store recently in connection with her sequel to "Education of a Princess"; and (3) *John Dos Passos* for a time was under the care of magic hands at the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

The literary event-of-the-month was the wedding of *Rosamond Hutzler Hollander* and *Siegfreid Weisberger*, whose Book Shop has long been the mecca of readers and bibliophiles in this section of the country and whose lately opened beer garden was so joyously recommended by *Old Quercus*. *Abram Moses*, for some time connected with the Peabody Institute of Music, composed a Viennese waltz for the occasion, as Mr. Weisberger was born in that famous region of the blue Danube. Mr. and Mrs. Weisberger are now enroute to Europe.

Through the generosity of patrons, the new Enoch Pratt Library has a handsome school of goldfish in the children's room. The pool is now also inhabited by four turtles, one of whom has been dubbed *Escargot* after that sebacious Morley character in "I Know a Secret"; two of his companions bear the names of *Torture* (he is very athletic, and the water level of the pool has been lowered to keep him at home) and *Slow and Steady* (he consumes food far beyond the decent quantity for a so public-living turtle); the fourth hamburger eater is as yet unchristened, sharing his nonentity in common with the nameless goldfish.

MASSACHUSETTS

John A. Holmes sends us the following excellent letter from Somerville, and offers another instalment if this is satisfactory. He is hereby commanded to send another instalment. His first:

To the Old Corner Bookstore in Boston come nearly all the well-known figures of contemporary literature when they visit the capitol of the Bay State. *Mr. Jones*, manager of the store, finds *Edward Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Owen Wister, Mrs. Deland, H. G. Wells, Alfred Noyes, Walter de la Mare*, and many others, all familiar figures. He recalls the visits of *Amy Lowell* to the store, and how there were but two men on the staff, of which he was one, who either dared or were permitted to wait on her. She knew what she wanted, she usually wanted a generous quantity, and she ordered it in no uncertain terms. Once, when she phoned to buy a thousand dollars worth of books for a War Service library, so rapid and peremptory was her voice, that Mr. Jones, at the store end of the wire, had not the courage to tell her that he had missed more than half the list she read. Only the efficiency of Miss Lowell's secretary saved him, when he phoned her to confirm the purchase. The Old Corner reports very satisfactory sales on the following books: "As the Earth Turns," "Little Man, What Now?" "Anthony Adverse," "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs," "The House of Exile," "The Arches of the Years," and "British Agent," among others. There is demand for books on current problems, such as that by Rexford Tugwell. "Julia Newberry's Diary" sells heavily.

One of the most comprehensive and up-to-date lending libraries in Boston is that so cheerfully and efficiently administered upstairs in the Old Corner. Here all the new novels, mystery, poetry, travel, westerns, biography, short stories and all, await the customers who climb the stairs past the Oxford Classics and Everyman's Library. The magazine department is in the basement, and is only exceeded in extent by Smith, McCance, up on Ashburton Place.

Visitors to Boston say with amusement that the Old Corner Bookstore is most modern in appearance and is not on a corner. However, it is more than a hundred years old, and was first situated on the corner of Washington Street, where *Holmes* and *Lowell*, *Longfellow* and *Whittier*, and many another New England man of letters was a frequent visitor. Later it occupied a place on the opposite side of Bromfield Street from where it is now, and it was there that *Christopher Morley* came, years ago, to clerk for weeks or months at a time on various occasions.

One of the noted figures in the Boston bookstores is *Andrew McCance*, genial proprietor of Smith, McCance bookstore, where the magazines line one whole side of the store. In that fine old street, Goodspeed's is a next-door neighbor, and the offices of Ginn & Co. are just above. Mr. McCance is often to be seen, cigar in mouth, chatting with book-buyers who are surely famous figures, if one but knew. His manager, *Mr. Shaw*, keeps a careful eye on this famous old store, and a vast knowledge of its contents, from periodicals and novels to second-hand books in all their variety, in his head.

In Park Street, leading up the hill to the State House, *Louis A. Holman*, formerly with *Mr. Goodspeed*, has his Print Shop. Here may be bought etchings, prints, lithographs, and woodcuts of every date and description. Here local artists exhibit their work from time to time. Here *Frank Leveroni* has an alcove for his early editions and Americana. But perhaps most interesting of all is *Mr. Holman's* collection of Keatsiana, the largest in the world. Little of it consists of manuscript, but the extent of his pictures of places and people in the life of John Keats is inexhaustible. So complete, for instance, is his collection of portraits of the poet, that when a half-length oil portrait, said to be Keats, painted in the manner of the Lawrence school, recently came into his possession, he was able to compare it with every known likeness in existence. It is his hope to prove it genuine; in any case, the picture itself is in the shop, and most interesting to any collector or lover of Keats. To Mr. Holman came Miss Amy Lowell, of course, many times, for information or prints when she was working on the life for which she is known. About one-third of the illustrations in the book are from the Holman collection. One would have been vastly amused, and doubtless able to contribute something to literary portraits, could a listener have been hidden in the little back room the night Miss Lowell came there and spent several hours in close study and pungent comment on the complete Keats collection. It is in Holman's Print Shop where a bronzed replica of the *Haydon* life-mask hangs on the wall. A card informs and amazes the beholder that it is hung at natural height. Evidently John Keats, in physical stature at least, was a very small man, so that his own description of himself in a letter as "John Keats, five foot three," was an exaggeration of several inches.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

(Only one mystery story is released for publication this week.)

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
PASS THE BODY *C. St. John Sprigg* (Dial Press: $2.)	Landlady spirited away from small, queer London hotel. Amateur sleuths include colyumist, Egyptian student, psychic ladies.	Unusual tale told with zest, humor, original characters. Love interest present but not too conspicuous.	Good.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal service to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent; tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

ITALIAN translations and lessons, young American woman two years in Italy, Ph.D. University Bologna. Box 185.

PLAYS for the Experimental Theatre by a youth who is not writing drawing-room comedy to be produced on a small stage. Box 194.

YOUNG MAN, 28, wants companion over 21 camp 2 weeks Hampton Bays, L. I. No salary. Send photo. Box 196.

ESTABLISHING circular letters among kindred minds. Box 197.

MILDLY literary but otherwise harmless young woman seeks salaried position anywhere. Will do anything except commit crime or sell life insurance. Address Micawber.

PRESIDENT SCOTT, of Northwestern University, Professor Barnes, New York University and I are agreed that professors of English are snobs and pifflers. In my opinion they are also literary cowards. George Frisbee.

LIBRARIAN would be delighted to hear from someone needing her services. Has training and ten years experience in various kinds of library work—including cataloging. Good typist. Address S, in care of Saturday Review.

BUSINESS GIRL with sense of humor seeking same to share her attractive apartment off lower Fifth Avenue. Everything from Electrolux to grand view of Manhattan's towers. ALgonquin 4-0806.

WANTED: Retail salesmen for Christmas cards which are not of the usual variety; 40% commission. People still do buy Christmas cards. Bruynhall, 92 School Street, Springfield, Mass.

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Mid-summer Memorabilia: Until further notice, this column goes on a fortnightly basis . . . *Little Man, What Now?* sales figures for the last three weeks are 1921 . . . 2381 . . . 2473 . . . The trend is UP . . . Two theatrical producers have inquired for the dramatic rights to *What Next, Little Fellow?* and *Little Man, Poor Thing* . . .

The office wag of *The Outer Sanctum* says the best-seller list these days looks like the game of *Fallada Leader* . . . *The Inner Sanctum* congratulates *Random House* in acquiring the book rights to EUGENE O'NEILL, and *Farrar and Rinehart* on the spectacular acclaim for *Anthony Adverse* . . . Judging from the sales charts, the newspaper headlines, the brisk trade at Brentano's, the New Deal is definitely here . . . Also the new deck and the new game . . .

Until the next column appears two weeks from today, and with best wishes for A HAPPY FISCAL YEAR, your correspondents have the honor to remain

—ESSANDESS.

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HANS DUFFY

She's owner of the most devastatingly wicked wit we've seen between book covers. She has written a novel that has left English society gasping and English critics cheering:

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Christopher Morley *says:*

"If all series of reprints except one were to be deleted from the shelves of this planet, the one to be preserved should be the World's Classics of the Oxford Press. In editorial choice and in compact physique these are luggage for posterity. They are the Gold Standard, and no spiritual financier can suspend them."

A Few Morley Favorites:

No.		
7	*Keats*	Poems
356	*Jane Austen*	Persuasion
200	*Alexander Smith*	Dreamthorp
316	*Wilkie Collins*	The Moonstone
334	*Fielding*	Joseph Andrews
289	*Trelawny*	Adventures of a Younger Son

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The browsing assembly of Quercus Associates and Contributors expects to produce, from time to time, sketches of well known bookstores, to be printed in these columns. The first of these Quercus presents this week—a contribution by Mr. Hale Willis, who is hereby elected a member of the *Trade Winds* staff of roving reporters.

WHEN WE GO TO NEW YORK

If the evening be too warm, the radio dull, if theatre and motion picture fail to tempt, one door is always open till ten: Dauber & Pine, Booksellers. Walk down to 66 Fifth Avenue, just above Twelfth Street. Mr. Dauber is waiting with a soft word or an authoritative hint; Mr. Pine is ready to take your greenback—unless you be a browser; browsers are never disturbed.

For Mr. Dauber is the Optimist, Mr. Pine the Pessimist. Together they have succeeded in gathering a distinguished patronage. Robert W. Chambers, artist and author, Will Durant, critic of philosophy, J. Brooks Atkinson, dramatic critic, Joseph Hergesheimer are a few who frequent and know it of old.

If some classification of bookstores must be made—and one should be made, in order to guide the unfamiliar to the proper Gotham shop for the particular book—it could be said that Dauber & Pine is the bookshop notably for Americana. Mr. Everitt holds sway over the peculiarly rich collection of Americana, a man in the game forty years, one who might be termed an authority on early American editions, familiar both with the rare and common works in native history, lore, genealogy.

Neverthless, the compass of the store is wide. The street-floor houses late books—fiction, non-fiction, travel; and if one stop here nothing will be found but the usual well-stocked bookstore; it is down the Dauber & Pine steps that the curious will go.

The *sanctum sanctorum* (containing the desks—with ashtrays—of Mr. Dauber and Mr. Pine) is downstairs, to the right; and it holds first editions and "curiana"; curious tomes both bright and dog-eared.

The impression must not be conveyed that only comparatively expensive books are the rule at Dauber & Pine. The central basement of the shop is lined with books culled from private collections—big and little collections, cheap and rare, substantial and frothy, all bunched gaily under subject matter: Art, Architecture, Anthropology, and so forth. Books on customs, mores, and ethnology of races are numerous.

But the nook—a large nook—leading from the basement shop, is the heart of the store. "Americana." Presided over, as we have said, by Mr. Everitt, friend of the great and near-great, gods and half-gods. The late Mr. Huntington, founder of the stately Huntington Library in Pasadena, California, railroad man and landowner; then there is Dorothy Dix; and Franklin D. Roosevelt. . . . By his desk is a safe: here are the really valuable books; there are ghosts in them, and the mere collection of each diary, history, chronicle of the plains, bears a strange tale. There was the biography of Lincoln, a campaign history, which bibliophiles had never listed—knew nothing about. Everitt bought up a man's library and carted it away post-haste; happened never to get the man's name; and when it was unpacked, eighteen odd copies, paper-bound, of the earliest biography of Abraham Lincoln were found in the corners of the packing case—used as stuffing.

Mr. Everitt will give the information that the fundamental life of Lincoln, for source material, is the one written by Lincoln's law partner, William H. Herndon; it is somewhat rare because when it was printed, in 1860, it enjoyed only a small sale and was soon shelved by the publisher.

He might even show you old Captain Caleb Davies's Diary. Poor Caleb was imprisoned for well over two years for a trivial debt, and the diary was in the nature of a grievance as well as a record. Captain Caleb, between 1714 and 1741, traded with the Spaniards in America, but unfortunately he has less to say about this rich store of adventure than about his time in jail.

He could tell you about the days of—well, where did your grandfather pioneer? . . . Was it in Texas? It so happens that the two most valuable source books on one phase of the early southwest settlement are also the raciest—

"Commerce of the Prairies, or the Journal of a Santa Fé Trader," by Josiah Gregg; J. & H. G. Langley, 1845. (Mr. Everitt possesses a presentation copy of this book.)

"Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition. . . . Capture of the Texans & Their March as Prisoners, to the City of Mexico," by George Wilkins Kendall; Harper & Bros., 1844; in 2 vols.

But the emphasis on Americana never obscures the other departments—the second-hand books downstairs and along the staircase; or the well-stocked new book department on the main floor, complete with circulating library. And if it *should* happen that the book you want is not in stock, they can send across the street to Baker & Taylor, the wholesalers, in five minutes.

☞Improvement of the book business was spot news on the wires of the United Press last week. ☞*Anthony Adverse* is breaking records and making some amusing anecdotes of its own. One bookseller reports a customer actually waiting at the door for the shop to open, so that he could come in and buy a copy. ☞Phil Kubel, of Robinson's in Los Angeles, ordered 600 copies in advance. On publication day he made an inspired window, put badges on all his clerks reading, "Birthday of Anthony Adverse," and sold 357 copies before the day was over.

☞Among the many book trade anecdotes in *At John Murray's*—George Paston's story of the famous publishing house from 1768 to the present—Quercus finds the following of special timeliness: "In 1852 . . . trouble arose over a bookseller, a certain Mr. Bickers, who was accused of underselling his colleagues. The publishers allowed the retail booksellers a big discount, but it was expected that all books should be sold at the published price. The enterprising Mr. Bickers passed on part of his discount to his customers, with the result that he was boycotted by the trade. . . . The following spring the matter was referred to arbitration. Just before the arbitrator's decision was to be announced, Gladstone made a strong speech in the House 'against the booksellers,' whom he blamed for charging 'exorbitant prices.'" Gladstone's oratory seems to have confused matters, for the arbitrator's decision is not reported.

☞As the open-air bookshelves conducted by the Hop Light ladies increase and multiply in the parks of New York, Quercus receives word that the Public Library of Montclair, N. J., has opened a Left Bank Library on the terrace. The books in the outdoor stalls are wrapped in bright colored Durapak paper — the kind used for cooking vegetables—to protect them from rain.

☞Quercus was interested in the Fifty-eighth Annual Convention of the National Amateur Press Association, held in New York over the Fourth of July. Members are boy editors who operate hand presses. Alumni include Brooks Atkinson, dramatic critic of the *Times;* Earnest Elmo Calkins, the advertising specialist; and the late Charles Scribner.

☞The Yale Club of New York announces an exhibit of first editions, autograph letters, and an autograph manuscript of John Ruskin, loaned by the Yale University Library Association for a six-week display. The announcement lists many interesting items, but doesn't say whether the exhibit is for the eyes of Elis only. ☞This is the first literary event at the Yale Club Quercus has heard of since the time when a young lady with a new job in a publishing house mistook the place for a hotel and tried to get a room there.

☞The Associated Library Exchange, 15 West 44th Street (room 1004) had a good idea—a Treasure Hunt. Among their large stock of books at 50c each, every day in some volume is inserted a certificate (signed by "Captain Kydd") entitling the finder to a choice of any five books free.

☞Bassett Jones, who used to be a technocrat, is reported as having taken a linotype machine apart in order to demonstrate to the compositor its inadequacy for setting up the text of his new book, *Debt and Production*, published by John Day.

A PERSONAL MESSAGE

to readers of
The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

TWO WEEKS AGO we wrote in this news corner about a novel which, though published before, we considered so important as to be worth the risk of trying to bring it to a much wider audience by re-publishing.

¶ This was Vardis Fisher's starkly beautiful chronicle of a boy's life to 18 years, in the Snake River Valley of Idaho—first issued last December by the Caxton Printers, Ltd.

¶ Since our ad appeared, an increasing number of critics have, for the second time, turned their attention to this book, for, as Robert Cantwell, author of *Laugh and Lie Down*, writes in The New Outlook, "it is gaining a sort of subterranean reputation among the people who watch for emerging talents."

¶ This is undoubtedly true, and we are happy to note the discovery spread. Because IN TRAGIC LIFE is a difficult book to advertise. It is not the sort of novel which *can* be advertised to an indiscriminate public. In fact, we are leaving it up to readers of *The Saturday Review*. We shall bring our enthusiasm exclusively to you hereafter, about this book, though we hope that you will not simply take our word for its quality. Rather, take some of the fine things—and the challenging things—that have been said about it, since its re-publication:

Here is a novel, says TURNER ROSE of the University of Virginia, which "for size of conception, for simplicity and skill of execution, for beauty of language and imagery, and for fine human sympathy, stands out above current literature as one of those volumes which have the potentialities of greatness."

"IN TRAGIC LIFE is a bitter record which holds great promise," says the PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER, though doubting that "the book will be sold in Boston."

HARRY EMERSON WILDES, of the *Public Ledger*, is frank in still registering a vote against the book, because, as he writes, "for every reader who finds pleasure in it, a hundred will be bruised and shocked." But Mr. Wildes adds that "the message is one of triumph in the end."

The BOSTON TRANSCRIPT takes the attitude that "if the author had done nothing better than to make parents training-conscious, he would have done humanity a great service." As for its literary quality, this critic says, "IN TRAGIC LIFE is a penetrating task, beautifully and sensitively accomplished."

¶ So with the reviewers, while booksellers continue to recommend IN TRAGIC LIFE, with careful consideration of their readers. GUY R. TURNER, of St. Louis, says, "Doubleday, Doran hasn't published anything as good since OF HUMAN BONDAGE. It is superb, a real achievement in American literature. I figure that the younger crowd will hit it hard, those who go after Faulkner, Wolfe, Dos Passos, etc."

¶ Of this one thing we are sure: that whether you discover Vardis Fisher now, with IN TRAGIC LIFE, or later, as the other novels in his tetralogy are published and receive more general recognition, you will rejoice in the experience, for you will have looked momentarily into the terror and wonder of existence, and you will be humbled, chastened and profoundly moved.

VARDIS FISHER
IN TRAGIC LIFE

At all shops . . . $2.50
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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